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ROBERT HALL.

BY HENRY ROGERS,

Author of "Reason and Faith," &c.

ROBERT HALL, one of the most celebrated writers and preachers England has produced, was born at Arnsby, near Leicester, May 2, 1764. His father was the minister of the Baptist congregation in that place, and the author of several religious publications, one of which obtained considerable popularity. His character has been sketched by his more celebrated son, from whose testimony, as well as that of less partial witnesses, he appears to have been a man of no little ability and worth. Nor was Robert Hall less happy in his other parent—his mother being a woman of excellent sense and eminent piety. He lost her when he was but twelve years of age (1776); his father lived to rejoice in his son's dawning fame. He died in 1791.

Robert was the youngest of fourteen children. His infancy—like that of Newton, Locke, and Pascal, in whom the flame of life flickered as if it would go out almost as soon as kindled, while in the two last it but flickered all their days—was extremely sickly, and for some years there was hardly any hope of rearing him. As if to remind us how little we can anticipate the course of life, a full proportion of the great minds that have astonished and adorned the world, have come into it as if under sentence of immediately quitting it, with the worst possible promise of the great things they were destined to achieve.

Robert Hall's childhood was, as we shall presently see, unusually precocious—far more so than even that of most of the sons of genius; nor was the promise of the bright dawn, so often delusive, clouded as the day went on. It is said that he learned to talk and to read almost at the same time; his letters were assuredly learned in a strange school and from strange books, that is, in a graveyard, and from tombstones. The graveyard was adjacent to his father's house, and thither his nurse used to carry him for "air" and "exercise." Whether a cemetery be the best place for childhood to take its

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"airings" in, or epitaphs the best spelling-book, may be doubted; but it was at all events a singular introduction to literature.

Even at the dame's school, where he received his first formal instructions, he betrayed his passion for books, and was often found, when school was over, in the above favorite but solemn "study"—the churchyard—engaged in solitary reading, though no longer poring over the tombstones. He pursued the same extra-official course of reading at his next school, which was kept by a Mr. Simons, at a village four miles from Arnsby. He used to procure, it appears, from his father's library, books for these play-hour readings, and, doubtless, got more from his self-prompted studies than from any of his regular lessons. But the character of this "select library for the young" may well surprise us, and, if the fact were not well authenticated, his choice of favorite authors would seem incredible. Jonathan Edwards' *Treatise on the Freedom of the Will*, and Butler's *Analogy*, were, it seems, among the amusing "solatia" of his leisure hours; and Dr. Gregory assures us that it is "an ascertained fact," that when he was about nine or ten, he had read and re-read these works with "an intense interest." Before he was ten, another incident evinced the tendencies of his mind to literature; he had composed, it seems, many little essays, and often "invited his brother and sisters to hear him preach." Similarly, when he was once disposing in imagination (as children sometimes will) of his father's "goods and chattels" before the worthy man's death, he willingly agreed that his brother should have "the cows, sheep, and pigs," but "all the books" were to come to him.

His early promise of eloquence, conjoined with religious sensibility, seemed to point to the sacred office; and, in fact, his father indulged at a very early period some anticipations that the pulpit was his destination. At eleven he was removed to a school at Kettering, where the same brilliant talents were evinced, but not very wisely developed. His master, flattered by having such a prodigy, sometimes invited him to display

his precocious powers of *oratory* before a "select audience,"—a folly which the sound judgment of Robert Hall loudly and justly condemned in after-life. From this school he was removed to another of greater note at Northampton, kept by the Rev. John Ryland, a man of eccentric, but like many others of the same family, of unusually vigorous intellect. The energy of Mr. Ryland's character, and his original and impressive modes of teaching, seem to have given him a remarkable ascendancy over the minds of his pupils,—and there can be no doubt that Robert Hall's intellect was greatly and healthfully stimulated under his judicious training. Here he remained about a year and a half, and then, having decidedly expressed his predilections for the ministry, and pursued some preparatory theological studies under his father's roof, he repaired to the Baptist Academy at Bristol. This was in 1778, when only in his fifteenth year.

During his stay at Bristol, he seems to have made rapid progress in all the studies which constituted the academic curriculum. His attention to the principles and practice of composition was very marked; though, as Dr. Gregory observes, the few remains of his juvenile compositions exhibit "more of the tumultuary flourish of the orator than he would have approved after his twentieth year." This a common case; for a severe taste is, even in the highest genius, of slow growth, though in Robert Hall's perhaps as rapid as it ever was in any man.

•His *debut* as a public speaker gave but little promise of the brilliant career which awaited him. On being appointed to deliver an address (as the students were accustomed to do in rotation) at the vestry of Broadmead Chapel, he, after a brief but fluent exordium, which excited the expectation of his auditors, suddenly, but completely lost his self-possession, and covering his face in an agony of shame exclaimed, "O! I have lost all my ideas." His tutor, confident (as Sheridan said after his own ignominious first appearance) that it was *in* him, and determined, as was Sheridan, that it should come *out* of him, appointed him to deliver the *same* address the following week; not very judiciously, perhaps, considering the laws of association, and how apt is a sensitive mind, like a spirited horse, to *shy* and falter at the same spot. Sad to say, he again failed, and failed

completely. Yet the incident was of value to him. While there was little fear lest a transient mortification like this should permanently depress a powerful mind, fully conscious of its powers,—indeed, such minds are generally stimulated rather than depressed by obstacles,—it had a salutary effect upon his moral nature.

In relation to the sacred office he seems at this time, as Dr. Gregory observes, to have been too little sensible of its higher purposes, and too ambitious of achieving intellectual eminence; perhaps also too conscious of his powers to achieve it. Some feeling of this kind is indicated by his own words, uttered after his *second* failure,—"*If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!*" Many other young orators who have afterwards attained eminence, have encountered similar disasters in their first attempts. The singularity in Robert Hall's case is that he had not been hardened to self-possession by his previous juvenile appearance before those "select audiences," which his injudicious schoolmaster had so early taught the young Roscius to confront.

In the autumn of 1781, after staying three years at the Academy, he went, as an exhibitor under Dr. Ward's will, to King's College, Aberdeen, where he remained till 1785. Several of the professors were men of note, especially Gerard and Leslie, while Marischal College could boast of the prelections of Campbell and Beattie. Hall pursued his studies in the departments of classics, philosophy, and mathematics, with like distinguished success; being the first man of his year in all the classes. But the great charm of his residence at Aberdeen was the society of Mackintosh, who, though a year younger, had entered college a year earlier. The friendship which ensued, and which only death dissolved, was equally beneficial to both parties. With some points of dissimilarity there were more of resemblance. The instant regards of Mackintosh, according to his own statement to Dr. Gregory, were strongly attracted by Hall's ingenuous frankness of countenance, the mingled vivacity and sincerity of his manner, and the obvious signs of great intellectual vigor. He says, he first became attached to Hall "because he could not help it." But daily intercourse, in which they studied together without rivalry, and inces-

santly disputed without anger,—a true test of genuine attachment,—cemented their first casual predilections into a lasting friendship. "After having sharpened their weapons by reading, they often repaired to the spacious sands upon the sea-shore, and still more frequently to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town, to discuss with eagerness the various subjects to which their attention had been directed. There was scarcely an important position in Berkley's *Minute Philosopher*, in Butler's *Analogy*, or in Edwards *On the Will*, over which they had not thus debated with the utmost intensity. Night after night, nay, month after month for two sessions, they met only to study or to dispute, yet no unkindly feeling ensued. The process seemed rather—like blows in that of welding iron—to knit them closer together."* Though they both, doubtless, often fought for victory, they yet always thought at the time that it was for truth; and as Sir James strikingly said; "Never, so far as he could then judge, did either make a voluntary sacrifice of truth, or stoop to draw to and fro the *serra loroquayias* as is too often the case with ordinary controvertists." From these "discussions and from subsequent meditation upon them," Sir James declared that he had "learned more as to principles than from all the books he ever read." In addition to their discussions over Berkeley, Edwards, Butler, and other philosophers, they read large portions of the best Greek authors together—especially Plato. Such complete intercommunion of minds in the same studies—such mutual reflection of lights and constant collision of argument—must have been of incalculable benefit to both. By this sort of student-partnership, when, as in this case, minds are congenial, the results of reading may be more than doubled. During the last years of Hall's academic course, his friend was no longer at college, and his mind sought no "new mate." He spent the time in solitary study, and, as appears by his own confession, was much engaged in devotion and religious meditation. He took his degree of A. M. in 1785.

The six months' vacation of the two last sessions at Aberdeen had been spent in assisting Dr. Evans at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. He now formally entered on the

office of assistant-preacher, and about the same time was appointed to the classical tutorship in the Bristol Academy. This office, assumed at the early age of twenty-one, he discharged with great credit to himself and benefit to his pupils for more than five years.

Of his preaching at this early period, an interesting account is given by Dr. Gregory, to which we can only refer the reader. His favorite model for a short time was the original but eccentric Robinson of Cambridge, and, fascinated with his manner, he resolved, not very judiciously, to imitate it. One so original was little fitted to be an imitator of anybody, and his good sense soon reclaimed him from his error. The account he gave to Dr. Gregory of the mode in which he was cured of this folly is characteristic. "I was," he says, "too proud to remain an imitator. After my second trial, as I was walking home, I heard one of the congregation say to another, 'Really, Mr. Hall did remind us of Mr. Robinson!' That, sir, was a knock-down blow to my vanity; and I at once resolved that if ever I did acquire reputation, it should be my own reputation, belong to my own character, and not be that of a *likeness*. Besides, sir, if I had not been a foolish young man, I should have seen how ridiculous it was to imitate such a preacher as Mr. Robinson. He had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations. He had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased; while my voice and manner were naturally bad; and, far from having self-command, I never entered the pulpit without omitting to say something that I wished to say, and saying something that I wished unsaid; and, besides all this, I ought to have known that for me to *speak slow* was ruin. 'Why so?' 'I wonder that you, a student of philosophy, should ask such a question. You know, sir, that force and momentum is conjointly as the body and velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity, or there will not be, cannot be, any impression.'"

It seems that he sometime afterwards met Robinson in London, and, young as he was, opposed in a public company some of the heresies which Robinson had then embraced.

* Gregory's *Memoir*, p. 16.

This he did so successfully that the latter, provoked out of his temper and good-breeding, spoke with disdain of "juvenile defenders of the faith." Hall was tempted to reply that "if he ever rode into the field of controversy he would at least not borrow Dr. Abbadie's boots,"—a sarcasm in which there was a double sting, inasmuch as Robinson had at this time abandoned the very views which he had once "borrowed" Abbadie's arguments to defend.

An unhappy misunderstanding with his colleague in 1789, and which threatened the peace of the church at Broadmead, led to Hall's leaving Bristol. Before the close of his connection with that congregation, suspicions of heterodoxy on some points had been excited; and in reply to certain inquiries he gave a frank and explicit statement of his views. To one or two singularities of opinion, which he afterwards abandoned, he pleaded guilty. He avows he was at this time a "materialist," but declares that his sentiments did not affect his *theology*, and that he wished his materialism "to be considered a mere metaphysical speculation." It may be observed that in the same document, in which he fully avows his belief in the divinity of Christ, he makes no mention of his belief in the *personality* of the Holy Spirit—a doctrine of which at this time he was not convinced. His *materialism* he altogether abandoned in 1790; to the ordinary Trinitarian views he did not give his unqualified adhesion till some years later (1800).

From Bristol Mr. Hall went (1790) to Cambridge, to the congregation over which Robinson formerly presided. After a twelvemonth's trial of the place, he was invited to the pastorate, and accepted it. As no small portion of the congregation had been in various degrees infected with the errors of their former minister, it has been well conjectured by Dr. Gregory that the very immaturity of Hall's sentiments on certain points was an advantage rather than otherwise. They listened to him when they would not have listened to a man of more strongly marked orthodoxy. As Hall gradually approximated to the sentiments generally held by his co-religionists, he led his congregation with him; and at length, by the force of his preaching, the influence of his splendid reputation, and the still better influence of his persuasive

life and character, overcame all opposition to his ministry, and thoroughly weeded out the errors that had infested his flock.

In 1793 he published his celebrated *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*. The account of its origin is amusing. It seems that on this occasion he was "importuned into controversy," which, in spite of his unrivalled polemical powers, he ever avoided if possible. "And so, in an evil hour," says he, "I yielded. I went home to my lodgings and began to write immediately; sat up all night; and, wonderful for me, kept up the intellectual ferment for almost a month; and then the thing was done. I revised it a little as it went through the press, but I have ever since regretted that I wrote so hastily and superficially upon some subjects brought forward, which required touching with a master-hand, and exploring to their very foundations." The estimate he formed of the production was, it must be confessed, sufficiently modest; for, as an exhibition of intellectual vigor, it is certainly equal to almost any thing he ever produced. It may be conjectured, indeed, from the more cautious political tone of his later publications, and the far different terms in which, like his friend Sir James, he learned to speak of the French Revolution, that, had he written at a later period, he would have modified some of his statements, though he always declared his adhesion to the "essential principles" asserted. The reasons he assigns in the above extract, but, still more, his ingenuously expressed regret for the "asperities" in which he had occasionally indulged in this piece, would not permit him in his later years to consent to its republication, till the booksellers left him no alternative. An earlier tract, entitled *Christianity Consistent with the Love of Freedom*, was impudently pirated, on paper which bore the watermark of 1818, with a title-page which bore the year 1791! It was, as Dr. Gregory says, "a very skilful imitation in paper, type, and date."

An anecdote here may be worth relating, as showing how completely at this time he had resiled from Socinianism, into which it had been once suspected he was fast lapsing. His spirited eulogium on Dr. Priestley rekindled the hopes of some of that gentleman's partisans, and rendered on some occasions Mr. Hall's "denial" of any of the

imputed tendencies "imperative." "On one of these occasions," says Dr. Gregory, "Mr. Hall having in his usual terms panegyricized Dr. Priestley, a gentleman who held the doctor's theological opinions, tapping Mr. Hall upon the shoulder, said, 'O! sir, we shall have *you* among us soon. I see.' Mr. Hall, startled and offended by the rude tone of exultation in which this was uttered, hastily replied: '*Me* amongst *you*, sir! *Me* amongst *you*! Why, if that were the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity.'"

In 1801 appeared one of the most eloquent and original of all his productions—the sermon on *Modern Infidelity*. A curious account of its preparation for the press is given by Dr. Gregory. Like most of Hall's sermons, it was delivered almost entirely unwritten, though the matter, of course, had been profoundly meditated. The torture to which composition exposed him, from the mysterious disease in his back, quite indisposed the preacher to undertake the labor of preparing the sermon for the press. It was therefore procured in fragments from his dictation as he lay on the floor (a few paragraphs or pages at a time), and passed through the press, as his biographer assures us, without the author's having seen a line of it. Of its merits it is superfluous to speak; as a luminous defence of some of the first principles of all religion, and a philosophical *exposé* of the anti-social tendencies of infidelity, it has never been surpassed. It raised Hall's reputation to the highest pitch; excited the admiration of men of all ranks and opinions; conciliated the esteem of those who had been offended with the *Apology*; crowded his chapel with throngs of university students; and, perhaps a still better proof of its success, exposed him to the rabid attacks of Atheism and its champions.

Two other discourses of surpassing excellence appeared in the course of the great struggle with France. One was entitled *Reflections on War*, preached on occasion of the "general thanksgiving" at the transient peace of Amiens (1802). This, as Dr. Gregory surmises, was the only sermon Hall ever delivered *memoriter*, and the embarrassment he felt in some passages was sufficient to prevent him from ever repeating the attempt. The other was delivered on

the renewal of the war (1803), and was entitled, *Sentiments proper to the present Crisis*. In spite of one or two rhetorical flights, scarcely admissible in a Christian pulpit, it is deservedly considered one of the most extraordinary effusions of his eloquence.

During the latter years of his residence at Cambridge, this powerful and brilliant mind was more than once transiently eclipsed. These accessions of mental disease were doubtless attributable to many causes; partly to solitude, partly to excessive study, partly to the severe and harassing suffering in his back and the sleepless nights which it occasioned, partly to severe disappointment, but principally, no doubt, to that which exacerbated all other causes of mischief—the exquisitely strung and sensitive mind which is too often, as Dryden long ago observed,

—— "to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Just before his first attack (Nov. 1804), his severe sufferings from his old complaint induced his medical advisers to recommend his living a few miles from Cambridge, and using horse exercise. Equestrian exercise would seem a questionable remedy, considering the local symptoms of his mysterious disease, though country air might doubtless be beneficial. But whatever advantage this might secure was more than counterbalanced, it is to be feared, by the solitude to which his secluded residence doomed him, and which probably much contributed to his mental attack. The retreat chosen for him was at Shelford, four miles from Cambridge. There he was engaged in solitary study in meditation during the whole day, and often deep into the night. The first melancholy attack took place in November, 1804.

To the delight of his congregation, who had proved, by their provident care of him, their attachment to his ministry, he was able to resume his public functions in April, 1805. As it was feared that the associations of Shelford might prove prejudicial, he was recommended to change his residence, and most injudiciously, as it seems to us, he was again advised to reside in a remote village. He took a house at Foulmire, nine miles from Cambridge. Solitude once more proved his bane, and another attack soon supervened. After a year spent under judicious medical care at Bristol, he recovered suf-

ficiently to engage in occasional village preaching, and to apply moderately to study. But it was thought prudent that he should quit Cambridge altogether, and he accordingly sent in his resignation.

Mr. Hall spent about fifteen years at Cambridge. Of his residence there—his studies, his modes of preparation for the pulpit, his social habits—an interesting account will be found in Dr. Gregory's *Memoir*, to which only a reference can here be made. His biographer naturally dwells with partial minuteness on this period of Hall's history, as that in which he became intimate with him, and enjoyed unrestricted daily intercourse. It was that period, also, in which Mr. Hall achieved his great public reputation; and produced his most brilliant, if not his most useful, publications.

Leicester was the next scene of Hall's labors, whither he removed in the year 1806, and where he resided nearly twenty years, longer by some years than at any other place. In the limits of this brief article there is no space for details nor is it necessary. He lived as retired as his reputation would allow him to be. If fame came, it came unsought; if the world intruded upon him, as it often did, and often inconveniently, he gave it a courteous welcome, but was still better pleased when it left him to his studies and his flock. But much as he loved privacy, privacy for him was no longer solitude; in 1808, after a somewhat singular courtship, he married, as it turned out, most happily.

This event largely contributed to his welfare; and it is observable that no symptoms of mental disease afterwards appeared. In relation to what he himself would consider the *great purpose of his life*,—the successful prosecution of his ministry,—the years spent at Leicester were the best of his life. However obscure might seem his lot, it was yet most happy; for he was eminently useful, and universally beloved. His chapel was twice enlarged to accommodate the increasing crowds who thronged to hear him. Occupying a central spot in the kingdom, he was frequently importuned to preach, on public occasions, in all directions of the compass; and, so far as his incessant and painful maladies permitted, he complied with such requests ungrudgingly. From time to time, and quite as frequently as the

same physical infirmities allowed, he also gave the public the benefit of his pen. Besides several reviews, tracts, and other pieces, he published, during his residence at Leicester, some of his most celebrated sermons; two of them—on the *Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister*, and on the lamented *Death of the Princess Charlotte*—are among the most striking efforts of his eloquence. He here also published the largest, and in some respects most valuable, of his writings—those on the *Terms of Communion*. These treatises are equally distinguished by acuteness of logic and catholicity of sentiment. It has been sometimes lamented that he should not have given his consummate logical powers a more ample theme. But, in fact, his genius has made the theme ampler than it seems. Not only have these pieces exerted a wide influence in liberalizing the opinions and practice of his own denomination, but they abound in reasoning and sentiments of practical application to every church in Christendom, and cannot be read by any thoughtful Christian without making him feel something of that noble expansion of soul which animated their author; without making him sigh for the day, when "every middle wall of partition" which jealous bigotry has interposed to the intercommunion of those who reciprocally acknowledge each other to be Christians, may be "broken down."

On Dr. Ryland's death (1825), Mr. Hall was invited to Bristol, and, after a severe struggle, consented. It is scarcely a figure to say that he tore himself away from his congregation at Leicester. On the last occasion of celebrating the Lord's Supper, he sat down, overcome with his emotions, and, covering his face with his hands, "wept aloud." To see the "strong man thus bowed," dissolved the people also in tears,—and so they parted; his flock, as the Ephesian elders from Paul, "sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more."

Mr. Hall was in his sixty-second year when he removed to Bristol, and it was his last change; thus terminating his labors where he began them. He was fast approaching the close of his career. The mysterious and intractable malady which had so long tormented him, which had

rendered his days and nights so "wearisome," became more urgent, and doses of opium almost fabulous produced little effect. The indirect effects of his complaint,—forbidding exercise, inducing plethora, and impeding the circulation,—produced that diseased condition of the heart which was the immediate cause of his death. The close of his life was a scene of frightful tortures, the sum of which, added to the almost constant pain in which his life was passed, must have been tantamount to many martyrdoms. The pages in Dr. Gregory's *Life* which depict his last sufferings, and the triumph of patience over them, form some of the most sorrowful, and yet also some of the brightest, in the records of Christian biography. Deep were the clouds that gathered round his sunset, but they were all penetrated and transfigured by the glory of the descending luminary; and even he who doubts whether Christianity be true, can surely hardly read the closing scenes of this great and good man's life without feeling, that since humanity is thus subject to suffering, it is much to have such consolations. His death took place February 21, 1831. After detailing the appearances presented by the *post mortem* examination, the eminent physician, Dr. Richard, adds,—"*Probably no man ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall; he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body. His loss will long be felt in this place, not only by persons of his own communion, but by all that have any esteem for what is truly great and good.*"

The mind of Robert Hall was of that select order which are equally distinguished by power and symmetry; where each single faculty is of imposing dimensions, yet none out of proportion to the rest. His intellect was eminently acute and comprehensive; his imagination prompt, vivid, and affluent. This latter faculty, indeed, was not so exuberant (as Foster justly remarks) as that of a Burke or a Jeremy Taylor; nor could it have been so, without marring the harmony just mentioned. His reasoning was close as that of almost any controvertist of any age, but expressed in all the charms of a most chaste and polished style;—severe logic clothed in the most tasteful rhetoric. His talents for the successful prosecution of

abstract science—especially metaphysical and ethical—were of a very high order; but they were conjoined with strong practical sense, keen powers of observation, and a vivid sensibility. His memory was tenacious, and his aptitudes for the acquisition of knowledge, generally, far beyond the ordinary measure; but in him, as in all very vigorous minds, diversified knowledge was but the material and aliment of original thought, and was subordinated to that wisdom which insists that it shall be the handmaid, not the mistress of intellect. His sense of the beautiful and the ludicrous seemed nearly equally vivid; and graceful imagery and pointed wit animated alike his writings and his conversation. His style is the very impress of all this amplitude and variety of endowments. It is masculine and compact, for a robust logic and strong sense form the basis of it; energetic and vivacious, for it is animated by imagination and sensibility; polished and elegant, for taste, exquisite, sometimes even to a morbid fastidiousness, presided over it.

On the whole, minds of greater powers in several given directions, or of more absolute originality in some one, may be readily pointed out; some, too, more strongly characterized either by rugged strength or imaginative exuberance; but seldom indeed has a mind appeared so variously dowered with all the choicest gifts of strength and grace in happy unison.

It has been well said of his style, by a critic in the *Quarterly Review*, that it is "constructed after no model; it is more massive than Addison's, more easy and unconstrained than Johnson's, more sober than Burke's." This is, in fact, one of its surpassing excellencies; it is eminently beautiful, but for that reason has no predominant features; it is the just image of the happy conjunction and equilibrium of the author's powers,—music in which no excess in any of the parts mars the harmony.

If his more elaborate productions have a fault at all, it is the result of that very sensitiveness of taste to which reference has been made. In polishing to an extreme of fastidious elegance, he has perhaps here and there pared away a little of the energy of his style. For this reason it has even been conjectured that some of his strictly extemporaneous effusions,—extemporaneous as to

the *language*,—to which he gave utterance in the all but preternatural dilation of mind, which sometimes characterized his eloquence in its prime, transcended in force and beauty his most deliberate compositions, produced as these always were amidst bodily sufferings little favorable to the free action of his faculties. In truth, his extemporaneous command of all the resources of language (equally seen in the pulpit and in conversation) was one of his most extraordinary endowments, and perhaps, to the degree in which he possessed it, almost unique. Some may have been as copious in their diction, others as precise, but he conjoined both excellences in equal measure, and added to them, what is more rare, an astonishing command of *construction*; so that he could throw the rapid and soluble words, which seemed to come at will, into the most apt and elegant collocations.

This singular gift of extemporaneous speech put the cope-stone on all his other excellencies as an orator. The general structure of his mind, his robust reasoning faculties, his vigorous though ever ministering imagination, his keen sensibility, and his vehement passions, pointed in the same direction, and fitted him to be a great public speaker. Such he would have become under any circumstances; but it was his rare gift of extemporaneous language which enabled him to combine the immense advantage of unwritten composition with a freedom from all its usual defects; to clothe, not extemporaneous thoughts indeed,—on which no man should reckon, though after careful preparation such thoughts may come unbidden,—but carefully meditated matters, in all the graces of the most eloquent language. His usual mode of preparation for the pulpit is thus described by Dr. Gregory: "The grand divisions of thought—the heads of a sermon, for example—he would trace out with the most prominent lines of demarcation; and these, for some years, supplied all the hints that he needed in the pulpit, except on extraordinary occasions. To these grand divisions he referred, and upon them suspended all the subordinate trains of thought. The latter, again, appear to have been of two classes, altogether distinct; outline trains of thought, and trains into which much of the detail was interwoven. In the outline train the whole plan was carried out

and completed as to the argument; in that of detail the illustrations, images, and subordinate proofs were selected and classified; and in those instances where the force of an argument or the probable success of a general application would mainly depend upon the language, even that was selected and appropriated, sometimes to the precise collocation of the words. Of some sermons, no portions whatever were wrought out thus minutely; the language employed in preaching being that which spontaneously occurred at the time; of others, this minute attention was paid to the verbal structure of nearly half; of a few, the entire train of preparation, almost from the beginning to the end, extended to the very sentences. Yet the marked peculiarity consisted in this, that the process, even when thus directed to minutiae in his more elaborate efforts, did not require the use of the pen, at least at the time to which these remarks principally apply."

So perfect was the form in which he could give expression to a train of thought, that (as already intimated) it may even be surmised that his spoken style often surpassed, in all the essential excellencies of eloquence, that of the most admired and elaborate of his published discourses; the former having all the advantages of a more idiomatic diction and more colloquial construction, yet without the sacrifice of the precision and elegance which distinguish the latter. His frequent paroxysms of pain must at all events have tended continually to distract his mind, and diminished the glow of feeling when in the act of composition; and hence the extreme reluctance with which he undertook the task. On the other hand, under the excitement of public speaking, the consciousness of painful sensations was less vivid, and sometimes vanished, as appears from one of his own curious but most sad confessions. He tells us that he did not know that he was ever perfectly free from the consciousness of distressing sensations in his back, except now and then for a few moments in the pulpit.

The same felicities of extemporaneous speech which marked his pulpit efforts were observable in private. His conversation possessed a vivacity, affluence, and elegance very rarely equalled. His repartees were particularly happy, and, as has been well remarked, strongly remind one of the man-

ner of Johnson. Some of the pungent sayings, full of mingled wit and wisdom, which Dr. Gregory has recorded, make one regret that some Boswell was not always at hand to preserve those brilliant but evanescent effusions of his genius.

Many have lamented that he did so little (compared with some other men) by his pen. In truth, however, considering his constant sufferings and the dreadful toil which composition imposed upon him, his six octavos entitled him to be considered even a voluminous writer.

Though, like most other men of powerful minds, he was fonder of thinking than reading, his acquisitions were various, and, in several branches of study, profound. It may be added that his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge followed him to the last, of which Dr. Gregory gives us a singular example. He says that he found him, one morning, in the closing years of his life, lying on the floor with an Italian grammar and dictionary, deep in the study of that language. To this he had been stimulated by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which an elaborate parallel had been instituted between the genius of Dante and that of Milton. With this critique he had been, he said, much delighted, and wished to judge for himself of the accuracy of the views propounded. Among the many triumphs achieved by Mr. Macaulay's genius, it may be doubted whether any was ever more signal than that nearly his first *Essay* induced a mind like that of Robert Hall to study a new language at the age of threescore, just to verify the justice of the criticisms.

It has been justly remarked by Mr. Foster, in his admirable critique on Robert Hall as a "preacher" (well worthy of universal perusal), that his eloquence in later years lost somewhat of the fire which characterized the oratory of his youth and manhood. But what was lost in this respect was gained in tenderness and pathos, in elevation of Christian sentiment and depth of Christian feeling.

It is the crowning glory of Robert Hall that all his great powers were consecrated to the noblest purposes; subordinated to objects better worth living for than intellectual power or intellectual fame. His sacred ambition was for the formation, in himself and others, of the Christian character. To moral self-culture he sought, as all ought to do, but so few really do, to consecrate every

endowment of his intellect. Of the possession of high powers he could not but be conscious; and of the temptations they involved he was also profoundly sensible. His life shows us that he had learned how to make them keep their place. Naturally impetuous, impatient, choleric, he sedulously watched over these infirmities in temper, and became remarkable for humility and simplicity; full of ambition, he submitted to cast down "every proud imagination;" in his youth fiery and pugnacious, he learned in his later years to hate controversy, and exercised in an eminent degree that charity toward all good men of all parties, which made him say in one of his sermons, "He who is good enough for Christ is good enough for me." In his manners he was as unsophisticated as a child, and in his conduct full of generosity and benevolence. His patience and fortitude were eminently displayed in the uncomplaining endurance of those frightful sufferings which made his life a perpetual martyrdom; while his faith and humility were evinced no less in his admission that none of these pangs could have been spared. It has been well said by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "It is impossible to read the works of this extraordinary man without perceiving that his passions in his youth were turbulent in the extreme—that the energies of his mind were then scarcely under his own control—that years of reflection and dear bought experience were wanting to him, above all men, in order to tame his spirit—that, like Milton's lion, he was a long time before he could struggle out of earth." "I presume," says he, in one of his letters, "the Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever selected for his spiritual building, and that is the secret of his dealing with me." In a word, he exhibited the traits of a genuine Christian—his character shining with a more lustrous light as he advanced in years, "growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

The character to which he chiefly aspired himself, he was equally anxious to aid in forming in his fellow men, and to this consecrated his genius as an object well worthy of it. Hence his contentment with a lot far more obscure than he could easily have attained in any department of secular life; and hence, with Paul, he accounted it his chief glory to be a "Christian minister."

From Bentley's Miscellany.
JUDAS THE APOSTATE.

FROM THE DANISH OF ADAM OEHLENSCHLÖGER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

JUDAS.

To such a chief what do I owe?
No loyalty can he deserve—
Nor wealth nor power can he bestow—
What profit longer him to serve?

His wild chimeras shall no more
As sacred truths regarded be;
Enthusiasm's dream is o'er,
It shall no longer fetter me.

Words! what are they but empty sounds?
And what is virtue but a name?
The wealth with which this world abounds,
That forms the heaven which I would claim.

SATAN (*amidst a rising tempest*).
Hail! hail, my son! Seek thou for gold—
It shines within the earth's rich mould.

JUDAS.

What voice was that? It called me "son"
What fitting form before me passed?
My blood runs cold—would it were done,
And every doubt behind me cast!

Why tremble thus? Dark fears, farewell!
It cannot be the crime it seems—
The rich reward will soon dispel,
With brighter thoughts, these fever-dreams.

Abashed before his chiding look,
I stand convicted and dismayed;
Such shame I can no longer brook—
He shall be to his foes betrayed!

SATAN (*with wild mocking laughter*).
The air is darkening round yon blooming world,
From whence a guilty soul shall soon be hurled.
Proceed, my son; Heaven hath no joys so great
As those on gratified revenge that wait!

JUDAS.

A storm seems rising—how the wild winds sigh,
And with the sound of distant thunders
blend!

The stars gleam redly in the lurid sky,
While to the high priest's house my steps I
bend.

SATAN.

Angels of darkness! ye who soar
Over the earth at midnight's hour,
When the pale traitor's task is o'er,
Make his apostate spirit cower!

JUDAS.

Conflicting doubts are passed—*his fate*
Is fixed; the deed—the deed is done!
And lo! this purse of goodly weight
Is the rich guerdon I have won.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Woe to thee! woe to thee! Whom hast thou
sold
Him thou didst follow, and vow to obey

Urged by base hatred, and craving for gold,
Thy master himself thou hast dared to be-
tray.

JUDAS.

How fearfully the tempest rages round—
The vivid lightnings flash—the thunders
roar;
Methought I heard some strange mysterious
sound—
Come, let me hasten from the high priest's
door.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

A sword is flashing o'er thee 'midst the storm,
Such as thine earliest ancestor beheld—
Adam—the while his weak and sinful form
Was from his beautiful Paradise expelled.

JUDAS.

Alas! sharp thorns seem piercing me, a dart,
As from some arrow sped, has struck my heart.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Like the mysterious hand of doom
Belshazzar saw, his pleasures blighting,
Thy passport to the loathsome tomb
Yon blood-red stars above are writing.

JUDAS.

The tomb! Away! I will not die,
Fiends! from your grasp I still can fly!

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Yes! yes! as Cain, the murd'rer, fled
When he beheld his brother dead!

JUDAS.

Hush, mocking sounds! To God I still can
pray.
He knows sin is the heritage of clay.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Rememberest thou the rich man's prayer?
In hell 'twas uttered, 'midst despair.

JUDAS.

The wealth too dearly bought, I will not keep,
But cast this fatal purse into the deep.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS (*with peals of de-
risive laughter*).

Judas! canst thou also cast away
The crime that stains thy guilty spirit—say?

JUDAS.

The furious tempest round me raves,
Madly the troubled waters roar;
The dead scoff at me from their graves—
For me there is no refuge more!

The gale increases with the gloom of night;
The loftiest trees are bent beneath its might;
And Nature seems convulsed above, around.
But ONE no longer hears the raging storm,
Hell hath its reckless victim claimed, and
found;
And yonder hangs his pallid, lifeless form!

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.—INSIDE THE HOUSE.

MRS. PENTREATH'S surprise at seeing a lady through the window was doubled by her amazement at seeing a gentleman, when she opened the door. Waiting close to the bell-handle, after he had rung, instead of re-joining his niece on the step, Uncle Joseph stood near enough to the house to be out of the range of view from Mrs. Pentreath's window. To the housekeeper's excited imagination, he appeared on the threshold with the suddenness of an apparition—the apparition of a little rosy-faced old gentleman, smiling, bowing, and taking off his hat with a superb flourish of politeness, which had something quite superhuman in the sweep and the dexterity of it.

"How do you do? We have come to see the house," said Uncle Joseph, trying his infallible expedient for gaining admission, the instant the door was opened.

Mrs. Pentreath was struck speechless. Who was this familiar old gentleman with the foreign accent and the fantastic bow? and what did he mean by talking to her as if she was his intimate friend? Mrs. Frankland's letter said not so much, from beginning to end, as one word about him.

"How do you do? We have come to see the house," repeated Uncle Joseph, giving his irresistible form of salutation the benefit of a second trial.

"So you said just now, sir," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, recovering self-possession enough to use her tongue in her own defence. "Does the lady," she continued, looking down over the old man's shoulder at the step on which his niece was standing: "does the lady wish to see the house too?"

Sarah's gently-spoken reply in the affirmative, short as it was, convinced the housekeeper that the woman described in Mrs. Frankland's letter really and truly stood before her. Besides the neat, quiet dress, there was now the softly-toned voice, and, when she looked up for a moment, there were the timid eyes also to identify her by! In relation to this one of the two strangers, Mrs. Pentreath, however agitated and surprised she might be, could no longer feel any uncertainty about the course she ought to adopt. But in relation to the other visitor, the incomprehensible old foreigner, she was beset by the most bewildering doubts. Would it be safest to hold to the letter of Mrs.

Frankland's instructions, and ask him to wait outside while the lady was being shown over the house? or would it be best to act on her own responsibility and to risk giving him admission as well as his companion? This was a difficult point to decide, and therefore one which it was necessary to submit to the superior sagacity of Mr. Munder.

"Will you step in for a moment, and wait here while I speak to the steward," said Mrs. Pentreath, pointedly neglecting to notice the familiar old foreigner, and addressing herself straight through him to the lady on the steps below.

"Thank you very much," said Uncle Joseph, smiling and bowing, impervious to rebuke. "What did I tell you?" he whispered triumphantly to his niece, as she passed him on her way into the house.

Mrs. Pentreath's first impulse was to go down-stairs at once, and speak to Mr. Munder. But a timely recollection of that part of Mrs. Frankland's letter which enjoined her not to lose sight of the lady in the quiet dress, brought her to a stand-still the next moment. She was the more easily recalled to a remembrance of this particular injunction, by a curious alteration in the conduct of the lady herself, who seemed to lose all her diffidence, and to become surprisingly impatient to lead the way into the interior of the house, the moment she had stepped across the threshold.

"Betsey!" cried Mrs. Pentreath, cautiously calling to the servant after she had retired only a few paces from the visitors. "Betsey! ask Mr. Munder to be so kind as to step this way."

Mr. Munder presented himself with great deliberation, and with a certain dark and lowering dignity in his face. He had been accustomed to be treated with deference, and he was not pleased with the housekeeper for unceremoniously leaving him the moment she heard the ring at the bell, without giving him time to pronounce an opinion on Mrs. Frankland's letter. Accordingly, when Mrs. Pentreath, in a high state of excitement, drew him aside out of hearing, and confided to him, in a whisper, the astounding intelligence that the lady in whom Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were so mysteriously interested, was, at that moment, actually

standing before him in the house, he received her communication with an air of the most provoking indifference. It was worse still, when she proceeded to state her difficulties—warily keeping her eye on the two strangers all the while. Appeal as respectfully as she might to Mr. Munder's superior wisdom for guidance, he persisted in listening with a disparaging frown, and ended by irritably contradicting her when she ventured to add, in conclusion, that her own ideas inclined her to assume no responsibility, and to beg the foreign gentleman to wait outside while the lady, in conformity with Mrs. Frankland's instructions, was being shown over the house.

"Such may be your opinion, ma'am," said Mr. Munder severely. "It is not mine."

The housekeeper looked aghast. "Perhaps," she suggested deferentially, "you think that the foreign old gentleman would be likely to insist on going over the house with the lady?"

"Of course, I think so," said Mr. Munder. (He had thought nothing of the sort; his only idea just then being the idea of asserting his own supremacy by setting himself steadily in opposition to any preconceived arrangements of Mrs. Pentreath.)

"Then you would take the responsibility of showing them both over the house, seeing that they have both come to the door together?" asked the housekeeper.

"Of course, I would," answered the steward, with the marvellous promptitude of resolution which distinguishes all superior men.

"Well, Mr. Munder, I am always glad to be guided by your opinion, and I will be guided by it now," said Mrs. Pentreath.

"But, as there will be two people to look after—for I would not trust the foreigner out of sight on any consideration whatever—I must really beg you to share the trouble of showing them over the house along with me. I am so excited and nervous, that I don't feel as if I had all my wits about me—I never was placed in such a position as this before.—I am in the midst of mysteries that I don't understand—and, in short, if I can't count on your assistance, I won't answer for it that I shall not make some mistake. I should be very sorry to make a mistake, not only on my own account, but—" Here the housekeeper stopped, and looked hard at Mr. Munder.

"Go on, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, with cruel composure.

"Not only on my own account," resumed Mrs. Pentreath, demurely, "but on yours; for Mrs. Frankland's letter certainly casts the responsibility of conducting this delicate business on your shoulders, as well as on mine."

Mr. Munder recoiled a few steps, turned red, opened his lips indignantly, hesitated, and closed them again. He was fairly caught in a trap of his own setting. He could not retreat from the responsibility of directing the housekeeper's conduct, the moment after he had voluntarily assumed it; and he could not deny that Mrs. Frankland's letter positively and repeatedly referred to him by name. There was only one way of getting out of the difficulty with dignity, and Mr. Munder unblushingly took that way, the moment he had recovered self-possession enough to collect himself for the effort.

"I am perfectly amazed, Mrs. Pentreath," he began, with the gravest dignity. "Yes, I repeat, I am perfectly amazed, that you should think me capable of leaving you to go over the house alone, under such remarkable circumstances as those we are now placed in. No, ma'am! whatever my other faults may be, shrinking from my share of a responsibility is not one of them. I don't require to be reminded of Mrs. Frankland's letter; and—no!—I don't require any apologies. I am quite ready, ma'am—quite ready to show the way up-stairs, whenever you are."

"The sooner the better, Mr. Munder—for there is that audacious old foreigner actually chattering to Betsey now, as if he had known her all his life!"

The assertion was quite true. Uncle Joseph was exercising his gift of familiarity on the maid-servant (who had lingered to stare at the strangers, instead of going back to the kitchen), just as he had already exercised it on the old lady passenger in the stage-coach, and on the driver of the pony-chaise, which took his niece and himself to the post-town of Porthgenna. While the housekeeper and the steward were holding their private conference, he was keeping Betsey in ecstasies of suppressed giggling by the odd questions that he asked about the house, and about how she got on with her work in it. His inquiries had naturally led from

the south side of the building, by which he and his companion had entered, to the west side, which they were shortly to explore; and, thence, round to the north side, which was forbidden ground to everybody in the house. When Mrs. Pentreath came forward with the steward, she overheard this exchange of question and answer passing between the foreigner and the maid:

"But tell me, Betzi, my dear," said Uncle Joseph. "Why does nobody ever go into these mouldy old rooms?"

"Because there's a ghost in them," answered Betsey, with a burst of laughter, as if a series of haunted rooms and a series of excellent jokes meant precisely the same thing.

"Hold your tongue directly, and go back to the kitchen," cried Mrs. Pentreath, indignantly. "The ignorant people about here," she continued, still pointedly overlooking Uncle Joseph, and addressing herself only to Sarah, "tell absurd stories about some old rooms on the unrepaid side of the house, which have not been inhabited for more than half a century past—absurd stories about a ghost; and my servant is foolish enough to believe them."

"No, I'm not," said Betsey, retiring, under protest, to the lower regions. "I don't believe a word about the ghost—at least, not in the day-time." Adding that important saying clause in a whisper, Betsey unwillingly withdrew from the scene.

Mrs. Pentreath observed with some surprise that the mysterious lady in the quiet dress turned very pale at the mention of the ghost-story, and made no remark on it whatever. While she was still wondering what this meant, Mr. Munder emerged into dignified prominence, and loftily addressed himself, not to Uncle Joseph and not to Sarah, but to the empty air between them.

"If you wish to see the house," he said, "you will have the goodness to follow me."

With those words, Mr. Munder turned solemnly into the passage that led to the foot of the west staircase; walking with that peculiar slow strut in which all serious-minded English people indulge when they go out to take a little exercise on Sunday. The housekeeper, adapting her pace with feminine pliancy to the pace of the steward, walked the national Sabbatarian Polonaise

by his side, as if she was out with him for a mouthful of fresh air, between the services.

"As I am a living sinner, this going over the house is like going to a funeral!" whispered Uncle Joseph to his niece. He drew her arm into his, and felt, as he did so, that she was trembling.

"What is the matter?" he asked under his breath.

"Uncle! there is something unnatural about the readiness of these people to show us over the house," was the faintly-whispered answer. "What were they talking about, just now, out of our hearing? Why did that woman keep her eyes fixed so constantly on me?"

Before the old man could answer, the housekeeper looked round, and begged, with the severest emphasis, that they would be good enough to follow. In less than another minute they were all standing at the foot of the west staircase.

"Aha!" cried Uncle Joseph, as easy and talkative as ever, even in the presence of Mr. Munder himself. "A fine big house, and a very good staircase."

"We are not accustomed to hear either the house or the staircase spoken of in those terms, sir," said Mr. Munder, resolving to nip the foreigner's familiarity in the bud. "The Guide to West Cornwall, which you would have done well to make yourself acquainted with before you came here, describes Porthgenna Tower as a Mansion, and uses the word Spacious, in speaking of the west staircase. I regret to find, sir, that you have not consulted the Guide Book to West Cornwall."

"And why?" rejoined the unabashed German. "What do I want with a book, when I have got you for my guide? Ah, dear sir, but you are not just to yourself! Is not a living guide like you, who talks and walks about, better for me than dead leaves of print and paper? Ah, no, no! I shall not hear another word—I shall not hear you do any more injustice to yourself." Here Uncle Joseph made another fantastic bow, looked up smiling into the steward's face, and shook his head several times with an air of friendly reproach.

Mr. Munder felt paralyzed. He could not have been treated with more easy and indifferent familiarity if this obscure foreign

stranger had been an English duke. He had often heard of the climax of audacity; and here it was visibly and marvellously embodied in one small, elderly individual who did not rise quite five feet from the ground he stood on!

While the steward was swelling with a sense of injury too large for utterance, the housekeeper, followed by Sarah, was slowly ascending the stairs. Uncle Joseph, seeing them go up, hastened to join his niece, and Mr. Munder, after waiting a little while on the mat to recover himself, followed the audacious foreigner with the intention of watching his conduct narrowly, and chastising his insolence at the first opportunity with stinging words of rebuke.

The procession up the stairs thus formed, was not, however, closed by the steward: it was further adorned and completed by Betsey, the servant-maid, who stole out of the kitchen to follow the strange visitors over the house, as closely as she could without attracting the notice of Mrs. Pentreath. Betsey had her share of natural human curiosity and love of change. No such event as the arrival of strangers had ever before enlivened the dreary monotony of Porthgenna Tower, within her experience; and she was resolved not to stay alone in the kitchen, while there was a chance of hearing a stray word of the conversation, or catching a chance glimpse of the proceedings among the company up-stairs.

In the meantime, the housekeeper had led the way as far as the first floor landing, on either side of which the principal rooms in the west front were situated. Sharpened by fear and suspicion, Sarah's eyes immediately detected the repairs which had been effected in the banisters and stairs of the second flight.

"You have had workmen in the house?" she said quickly to Mrs. Pentreath.

"You mean on the stairs?" returned the housekeeper. "Yes, we have had workmen there."

"And nowhere else?"

"No. But they are wanted in other places badly enough. Even here, on the best side of the house, half the bedrooms up-stairs are hardly fit to sleep in. They were any thing but comfortable, as I have heard, even in the late Mrs. Treverton's time; and since she died—"

The housekeeper stopped with a frown, and a look of surprise. The lady in the quiet dress, instead of sustaining the reputation for good manners which had been conferred on her in Mrs. Frankland's letter, was guilty of the unpardonable discourtesy of turning away from Mrs. Pentreath before she had done speaking. Determined not to allow herself to be impertinently silenced in that way, she coldly and distinctly repeated her last words:

"And since Mrs. Treverton died——"

She was interrupted for the second time. The strange lady quickly turning round again, confronted her with a very pale face and a very eager look, and asked, in the most abrupt manner, an utterly irrelevant question.

"Tell me about that ghost-story," she said. "Do they say it is the ghost of a man or a woman?"

"I was speaking of the late Mrs. Treverton," said the housekeeper in her severest tones of reproof, "and not of the ghost-story about the north rooms. You would have known that, if you had done me the favor to listen to what I said."

"I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon a thousand times, for seeming inattentive! It struck me just then—or, at least I wanted to know——"

"If you care to know about any thing so absurd," said Mrs. Pentreath, mollified by the evident sincerity of the apology that had been offered to her, "the ghost, according to the story, is the ghost of a woman."

The strange lady's face grew whiter than ever; and she turned away once more to the open window on the landing.

"How hot it is!" she said, putting her head out into the air.

"Hot, with a northeast wind!" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath in amazement.

Here Uncle Joseph came forward with a polite request to know, when they were going to look over the rooms. For the last few minutes he had been asking all sorts of questions of Mr. Munder; and, having received no answers which were not of the shortest and most ungracious kind, had given up talking to the steward in despair.

Mrs. Pentreath prepared to lead the way into the breakfast-room, library, and drawing-room. All three communicated with each other, and each room had a second door

opening on a long passage, the entrance to which was on the right hand side of the first-floor landing. Before leading the way into these rooms, the housekeeper touched Sarah on the shoulder to intimate that it was time to be moving on.

"As for the ghost-story," resumed Mrs. Pentreath while she opened the breakfast-room door, "you must apply to the ignorant people who believe in it, if you want to hear it all told. Whether the ghost is an old ghost or a new ghost, and why she is supposed to walk, is more than I can tell you." In spite of the housekeeper's affectation of indifference towards the popular superstition, she had heard enough of the ghost-story to frighten her, though she would not confess it. Inside the house, or outside the house, nobody much less willing to venture into the north rooms alone could in real truth have been found than Mrs. Pentreath herself.

While the housekeeper was drawing up the blinds in the breakfast-parlor, and while Mr. Munder was opening the door that led out of it into the library, Uncle Joseph stole to his niece's side, and spoke a few words of encouragement to her in his quaint, kindly way.

"Courage!" he whispered. "Keep your wits about you, Sarah, and catch your little opportunity whenever you can."

"My thoughts! My thoughts!" she answered in the same low key. "This house rouses them all against me. O why did I ever venture into it again!"

"You had better look at the view from the window now," said Mrs. Pentreath, after she had drawn up the blind. "It is very much admired."

While affairs were in this stage of progress on the first floor of the house, Betsey, who had been hitherto stealing up by a stair at a time from the hall, and listening with all her ears in the intervals of the ascent, finding that no sound of voices now reached her, bethought herself of returning to the kitchen again, and of looking after the house-keeper's dinner, which was being kept warm by the fire. She descended to the lower regions, wondering what part of the house the strangers would want to see next, and puzzling her brains to find out some excuse for attaching herself to the exploring party.

After the view from the breakfast-room window had been duly contemplated, the library was next entered. In this room, Mrs. Pentreath, having some leisure to look about her, and employing that leisure in observing the conduct of the steward, arrived at the unpleasant conviction that Mr. Munder was by no means to be depended on to assist her in the important business of watching the proceedings of the two strangers. Doubly stimulated to assert his own dignity by the disrespectfully easy manner in which he had been treated by Uncle Joseph, the sole object of Mr. Munder's ambition seemed to be to divest himself as completely as possible of the character of guide, which the unscrupulous foreigner sought to confer on him. He sauntered heavily about the rooms, with the air of a casual visitor, staring out of the window, peeping into books on tables, frowning at himself in the chimney-glasses—looking, in short, anywhere but where he ought to look. The housekeeper, exasperated by this affectation of indifference, whispered to him irritably to keep his eyes on the foreigner, as it was quite as much as she could do to look after the lady in the quiet dress.

"Very good; very good," said Mr. Munder, with sulky carelessness. "And where are you going to next, ma'am, after we have been into the drawing-room? Back again, through the library, into the breakfast-room? or out at once into the passage? Be good enough to settle which, as you seem to be in the way of settling every thing."

"Into the passage, to be sure," answered Mrs. Pentreath, "to show the next three rooms beyond these."

Mr. Munder sauntered out of the library, through the doorway of communication, into the drawing-room, unlocked the door leading into the passage—then, to the great disgust of the housekeeper, strolled to the fireplace and looked at himself in the glass over it, just as attentively as he had looked at himself in the library mirror, hardly a minute before.

"This is the west drawing-room," said Mrs. Pentreath, calling to the visitors. "The carving of the stone chimney-piece," she added, with the mischievous intention of bringing them into the closest proximity to the steward, "is considered the finest thing in the whole apartment."

Driven from the looking-glass by this manoeuvre, Mr. Munder provokingly sauntered to the window, and looked out. Sarah, still pale and silent—but with a certain unwonted resoluteness just gathering, as it were, in the lines about her lips—stopped thoughtfully by the chimney-piece, when the housekeeper pointed it out to her. Uncle Joseph, looking all round the room in his discursive manner, spied, in the farthest corner of it from the door that led into the passage, a beautiful maplewood table and cabinet, of a very peculiar pattern. His workman-like enthusiasm was instantly aroused; and he darted across the room to examine the make of the cabinet, closely. The table beneath projected a little way in front of it, and, of all the objects in the world, what should he see reposing on the flat space of the projection, but a magnificent musical-box at least three times the size of his own!

"Aie! Aie!! Aie!!!" cried Uncle Joseph in an ascending scale of admiration which ended at the very top of his voice. "Open him! set him going! let me hear what he plays!" He stopped for want of words to express his impatience, and drummed with both hands on the lid of the musical-box, in a burst of uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"Mr. Munder!" exclaimed the housekeeper, hurrying across the room in great indignation. "Why don't you look? why don't you stop him? He's breaking open the musical-box. Be quiet, sir! How dare you touch me?"

"Set him going! set him going!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, dropping Mrs. Pentreath's arm, which he had seized in his agitation. "Look here! this by my side is a music-box, too! Set him going! Does he play Mozart? He is three times bigger than ever I saw! See! see! this box of mine—this tiny bit of box that looks nothing by the side of yours—it was given to my own brother by the king of all the music-composers that ever lived, by the divine Mozart himself. Set the big box going, and you shall hear the little baby-box pipe after! Ah, dear and good madam, if you love me——"

"Sir!!!" exclaimed the housekeeper, reddening with virtuous indignation to the very roots of her hair.

"What do you mean, sir, by addressing such outrageous language as that to a respectable female?" inquired Mr. Munder, approaching to the rescue. "Do you think we want your foreign noises, and your foreign morals, and your foreign profanity here? Yes, sir! profanity. Any man who calls any human individual, whether musical or otherwise, 'divine,' is a profane man. Who are you, you extremely audacious person? Are you an infidel?"

Before Uncle Joseph could say a word in vindication of his principles, before Mr. Munder could relieve himself of any more indignation, they were both startled into momentary silence by an exclamation of alarm from the housekeeper.

"Where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, standing in the middle of the drawing-room, and looking with bewildered eyes all around her.

The lady in the quiet dress had vanished.

She was not in the library, not in the breakfast-room, not in the passage outside. After searching in those three places, the housekeeper came back to Mr. Munder with a look of downright terror in her face, and stood staring at him for a moment, perfectly helpless and perfectly silent. As soon as she recovered herself she turned fiercely on Uncle Joseph.

"Where is she? I insist on knowing what has become of her! You cunning, wicked, impudent old man! where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, with no color in her cheeks, and no mercy in her eyes.

"I suppose, she is looking about the house by herself," said Uncle Joseph. "We shall find her surely as we take our walks through the other rooms." Simple as he was, the old man had, nevertheless, acuteness enough to perceive that he had accidentally rendered the very service to his niece of which she stood in need. If he had been the most artful of mankind, he could have devised no better means of diverting Mrs. Pentreath's attention from Sarah to himself than the very means which he had just used in perfect innocence, at the very moment when his thoughts were farthest away from the real object with which he and his niece had entered the house. "So! so!" thought Uncle Joseph to himself, "while these two angry people were scolding me for nothing, Sarah has slipped away to the room where

the letter is. Good! I have only to wait till she comes back, and to let the two angry people go on scolding me as long as they please."

"What are we to do? Mr. Munder! what on earth are we to do?" asked the housekeeper. "We can't waste the precious minutes staring at each other here. This woman must be found. Stop! she asked questions about the stairs—she looked up at the second floor, the moment we got on the landing. Mr. Munder! wait here, and don't let that foreigner out of your sight for a moment. Wait here while I run up and look into the second-floor passage. All the bedroom doors are locked—I defy her to hide herself if she has gone up there." With those words, the housekeeper ran out of the drawing-room, and breathlessly ascended the second flight of stairs.

While Mrs. Pentreath was searching on the west side of the house, Sarah was hurrying, at the top of her speed, along the lonely passages that led to the north rooms.

Terrified into decisive action by the desperate nature of the situation, she had slipped out of the drawing-room into the passage the instant she saw Mrs. Pentreath's back turned on her. Without stopping to think, without attempting to compose herself, she ran down the stairs of the first floor, and made straight for the housekeeper's room. She had no excuses ready, if she had found anybody there, or if she had met anybody on the way. She had formed no plan where to seek for them next, if the keys of the north rooms were not hanging in the place where she still expected to find them. Her mind was lost in confusion, her temples throbbed as if they would burst with the heat at her brain. The one blind, wild, headlong purpose of getting into the Myrtle Room drove her on, gave unnatural swiftness to her trembling feet, unnatural strength to her shaking hands, unnatural courage to her sinking heart.

She ran into the housekeeper's room, without even the ordinary caution of waiting for a moment to listen outside the door. No one was there. One glance at the well-remembered nail in the wall showed her the keys still hanging to it in a bunch, as they had hung in the long past time. She had them in her possession in a moment; and was away again, along the solitary passages that led to the north rooms, threading their turn-

ings and windings as if she had left them but the day before; never pausing to listen or to look behind her, never slackening her speed till she was at the top of the back staircase, and had her hand on the locked door that led into the north hall.

As she turned over the bunch to find the first key that was required, she discovered—what her hurry had hitherto prevented her from noticing—the numbered labels which the builder had methodically attached to all the keys, when he had been sent to Porthgenna by Mr. Frankland to survey the house. At the first sight of them, her searching hands paused in their work instantaneously and she shivered all over, as if a sudden chill had struck her.

If she had been less violently agitated, the discovery of the new labels and the suspicions to which the sight of them instantly gave rise would, in all probability, have checked her farther progress. But the confusion of her mind was now too great to allow her to piece together even the veriest fragments of thoughts. Vaguely conscious of a new terror, of a sharpened distrust that doubled and trebled the headlong impatience which had driven her on thus far, she desperately resumed her search through the bunch of keys. One of them had no label; it was larger than the rest—it was the key that fitted the door of communication before which she stood. She turned it in the rusty lock with a strength which, at any other time, she would have been utterly incapable of exerting; she opened the door with a blow of her hand, which burst it away at one stroke from the jambs to which it stuck. Panting for breath, she flew across the forsaken north hall, without stopping for one second to push the door to behind her. The creeping creatures, the noisome house-reptiles that possessed the place, crawled away, shadow-like, on either side of her towards the walls. She never noticed them, never turned away for them. Across the hall, and up the stairs at the end of it, she ran, till she gained the open landing at the top—and there, she suddenly checked herself in front of the first door.

The first door of the long range of rooms that opened on the landing; the door that fronted the topmost of the flight of stairs. She stopped; she looked at it—it was not the door she had come to open; and yet she

could not tear herself away from it. Scrawled on the panel in white chalk was the figure—"I." And when she looked down at the bunch of keys in her hands, there was the figure "I," on a label, answering to it.

She tried to think, to follow out any one of all the thronging suspicions that beset her, to the conclusion at which it might point. The effort was useless; her mind was gone; her bodily senses of seeing and hearing—senses which had now become painfully and incomprehensibly sharpened—seemed to be the sole relics of intelligence that she had left to guide her. She put her hand over her eyes, and waited a little so, and then went on slowly along the landing, looking at the doors.

No. "II.," No. "III.," No. "IV.," traced on the panels in the same white chalk, and answering to the numbered labels on the keys, the figures on which were written in ink. No. "IV." the middle room of the first floor range of eight. She stopped there again, trembling from head to foot. It was the door of the Myrtle Room.

Did the chalked numbers stop there? She looked on, down the landing. No. The four doors remaining were regularly numbered on to "VIII."

She came back again to the door of the Myrtle Room, sought out the key labelled with the figure "IV."—hesitated—and looked back distrustfully over the deserted hall.

The canvases of the old family pictures, which she had seen bulging out from their frames, in the past time when she hid the letter, had, for the most part, rotted away from them now, and lay in great black ragged strips on the floor of the hall. Islands and continents of damp spread like the map of some strange region over the lofty vaulted ceiling. Cobwebs, heavy with dust, hung down in festoons from broken cornices. Dirt stains lay on the stone pavement, like gross reflections of the damp stains on the ceiling. The broad flight of stairs leading up to the open landing before the rooms of the first floor, had sunk down bodily towards one side. The banisters which protected the outer edge of the landing were broken away into ragged gaps. The light of day was stained, the air of

heaven was stilled, the sounds of earth were silenced in the north hall.

Silenced? Were *all* sounds silenced? Or was there something stirring that just touched the sense of hearing, that just deepened the dismal stillness, and no more?

Sarah listened, keeping her face still set towards the hall—listened, and heard a faint sound behind her. Was it outside the door on which her back was turned? Or was it inside—in the Myrtle Room?

Inside. With the first conviction of that, all thought, all sensation left her. She forgot the suspicious numbering of the doors; she became insensible to the lapse of time, unconscious of the risk of discovery. All exercise of her other faculties was now merged in the exercise of the one faculty of listening.

It was a still, faint, stealthily-rustling sound; and it moved to and fro at intervals, to and fro softly, now at one end, now at the other of the Myrtle Room. There were moments when it grew suddenly distinct—other moments when it died away in gradations too light to follow. Sometimes it seemed to sweep over the floor at a bound—sometimes it crept with slow, continuous rustlings that just wavered on the verge of absolute silence.

Her feet still rooted to the spot on which she stood, Sarah turned her head slowly, inch by inch, towards the door of the Myrtle Room. A moment before, while she was as yet unconscious of the faint sound moving to and fro within it, she had been drawing her breath heavily and quickly. She might have been dead now, her bosom was so still, her breathing so noiseless. The same mysterious change came over her face which had altered it when the darkness began to gather in the little parlor at Truro. The same fearful look of inquiry which she had then fixed on the vacant corner of the room, was in her eyes now, as they slowly turned on the door.

"Missress!" she whispered. "Am I too late? Are you there before me?"

The stealthily-moving sound paused—renewed itself—died away again faintly; away at the lower end of the room.

Her eyes still remaining fixed on the Myrtle Room, strained and opened wider and wider—opened as if they would look

through the very door itself—opened as if they were watching for the opaque wood to turn transparent, and show what was behind it.

“Over the lonesome floor, over the lonesome floor—how light it moves!” she whispered again. “Mistress! does the shroud they buried you in rustle no louder than that?”

The sound stopped again—then suddenly advanced at one stealthy sweep, close to the inside of the door.

If she could have moved at that moment; if she could have looked down to the line of open space between the bottom of the door and the flooring below, when the faintly rustling sound came nearest to her, she might have seen the insignificant cause that produced it lying self-betrayed under the door, partly outside, partly inside, in the shape of a fragment of faded red paper from the wall of the Myrtle Room. Time and damp had loosened the paper all round the apartment. Two or three yards of it had been torn off by the builder, while he was examining the walls—sometimes in large pieces, sometimes in small pieces, just as it happened to come away—and had been thrown down by him on the bare, boarded floor, to become the sport of the wind, whenever it happened to blow through the broken panes of glass in the window. If she had only moved! If she had only looked down for one little second of time! But she was past moving and past looking: the paroxysm of superstitious horror that possessed her, held her still in every limb and every feature. She never started, she uttered no cry, when the rustling noise came nearest. The one outward sign which showed how the terror of its approach shook

her to the very soul, expressed itself only in the changed action of her right hand, in which she still held the keys. At the instant when the wind wafted the fragment of paper closest to the door, her fingers lost their power of contraction, and became as nerveless and helpless as if she had fainted. The heavy bunch of keys slipped from her suddenly-loosened grasp, dropped at her side on the outer edge of the landing, rolled off through a gap in the broken banister, and fell on the stone pavement below, with a crash which made the sleeping echoes shriek again, as if they were sentient beings writhing under the torture of sound!

The crash of the falling keys, ringing and ringing again through the stillness, woke her, as it were, to instant consciousness of present events and present perils. She started, staggered backward, and raised both her hands wildly to her head—paused so for a few seconds—then made for the top of the stairs with the purpose of descending into the hall to recover the keys.

Before she had advanced three paces, the shrill sound of a woman's scream came from the door of communication at the opposite end of the hall. The scream was twice repeated at a greater distance off, and was followed by a confused noise of rapidly advancing voices and footsteps.

She staggered desperately a few paces farther, and reached the first of the row of doors that opened on the landing. There Nature sank exhausted: her knees gave way under her—her breath, her sight, her hearing all seemed to fail her together at the same instant—and she dropped down senseless on the floor at the head of the stairs.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.—MR. MUNDER ON THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT.

THE murmuring voices and the hurrying footsteps came nearer and nearer, then stopped altogether. After an interval of silence, one voice called out loudly, “Sarah! Sarah! where are you?” and the next instant Uncle Joseph appeared alone in the doorway that led into the north hall, looking eagerly all round him.

At first, the prostrate figure on the landing at the head of the stairs escaped his view. But the second time he looked in that direction, the dark dress, and the arm that lay

just over the edge of the top stair, caught his eye. With a loud cry of terror and recognition, he flew across the hall, and ascended the stairs. Just as he was kneeling by Sarah's side, and raising her head on his arm, the steward, the housekeeper, and the maid, all three crowded together after him into the doorway.

“Water!” shouted the old man, gesticulating at them wildly with his disengaged hand. “She is here—she has fallen down—she is in a faint! Water! water!”

Mr. Munder looked at Mrs. Pentreath, Mrs. Pentreath looked at Betsey, Betsey looked at the ground. All three stood stock-still; all three seemed equally incapable of walking across the hall. If the science of physiognomy be not an entire delusion, the cause of this amazing unanimity was legibly written in their faces; in other words, they all three looked equally afraid of the ghost.

"Water, Isay! Water!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, shaking his fist at them. "She is in a faint! Are you three at the door there, and not one heart of mercy among you? Water! water! water! Must I scream myself into fits before I can make you hear?"

"I'll get the water, ma'am," said Betsey, "if you or Mr. Munder will please to take it from here to the top of the stairs."

She ran to the kitchen, and came back with a glass of water, which she offered, with a respectful curtsy, first to the housekeeper, and then to the steward.

"How dare you ask us to carry things for you?" said Mrs. Pentreath, backing out of the doorway.

"Yes! how dare you ask us?" added Mr. Munder, backing after Mrs. Pentreath.

"Water!" shouted the old man for the third time. He drew his niece backward a little, so that she could be supported against the wall behind her. "Water! or I trample down this dungeon of a place about your ears!" he shouted, stamping with impatience and rage.

"If you please, sir, are you sure it's really the lady who is up there?" asked Betsey, advancing a few paces tremulously with the glass of water.

"Am I sure?" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, descending the stairs to meet her. "What fool's question is this? Who should it be?"

"The ghost, sir," said Betsey, advancing more and more slowly. "The ghost of the north rooms."

Uncle Joseph met her a few yards in advance of the foot of the stairs, took the glass of water from her with a gesture of contempt, and hastened back to his niece. As Betsey turned to effect her retreat, the bunch of keys lying on the pavement below the landing caught her eye. After a little hesitation, she mustered courage enough to pick

them up, and then ran with them out of the hall as fast as her feet could carry her.

Meanwhile, Uncle Joseph was moistening his niece's lips with the water, and sprinkling it over her forehead. After a while, her breath began to come and go slowly, in faint sighs, the muscles of her face moved a little, and she feebly opened her eyes. They fixed affrightedly on the old man, without any expression of recognition. He made her drink a little water, and spoke to her gently, and so brought her back at last to herself. Her first words were, "Don't leave me." Her first action, when she was able to move, was the action of crouching closer to him.

"No fear, my child," he said soothingly; "I will keep by you. Tell me, Sarah, what has made you faint? What has frightened you so?"

"O, don't ask me! For God's sake, don't ask me!"

"There, there! I shall say nothing, then. Another mouthful of water? a little mouthful more?"

"Help me up, uncle; help me to try if I can stand."

"Not yet—not quite yet; patience for a little longer."

"O, help me! help me! I want to get away from the sight of those doors. If I can only go as far as the bottom of the stairs, I shall be better."

"So, so," said Uncle Joseph, assisting her to rise. "Wait now, and feel your feet on the ground. Lean on me, lean hard, lean heavy. Though I am only a light and a little man, I am solid as a rock. Have you been into the room?" he added, in a whisper.

"Have you got the letter?"

She sighed bitterly, and laid her head on his shoulder with a weary despair.

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" he exclaimed. "Have you been all this time away, and not got into the room yet?"

She raised her head as suddenly as he had laid it down, shuddered, and tried feebly to draw him towards the stairs. "I shall never see the Myrtle Room again—never, never, never more!" she said. "Let us go; I can walk; I am strong now. Uncle Joseph, if you love me, take me away from this house; away anywhere, so long as we are in the free air and the daylight again; anywhere, so long as we are out of sight of this Tower."

Elevating his eyebrows in astonishment, but considerably refraining from asking any more questions, Uncle Joseph assisted his niece to descend the stairs. She was still so weak that she was obliged to pause on gaining the bottom of them to recover her strength. Seeing this, and feeling, as he led her afterwards across the hall, that she leaned more and more heavily on his arm at every fresh step, the old man, on arriving within speaking distance of Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath, asked the housekeeper if she possessed any restorative drops which she would allow him to administer to his niece. Mrs. Pentreath's reply in the affirmative, though not very graciously spoken, was accompanied by an alacrity of action which showed that she was heartily rejoiced to take the first fair excuse for returning to the inhabited quarter of the house. Muttering something about showing the way to the place where the medicine chest was kept, she immediately retraced her steps along the passage to her own room; while Uncle Joseph, disregarding all Sarah's whispered assurances that she was well enough to depart without another moment of delay, followed her silently, leading his niece.

Mr. Munder, shaking his head, and looking woefully disconcerted, waited behind to lock the door of communication. When he had done this, and had given the keys to Betsey to carry back to their appointed place, he in his turn retired from the scene at a pace indecorously approaching to something like a run. On getting well away from the north hall, however, he regained his self-possession wonderfully. He abruptly slackened his pace, collected his scattered wits, and reflected a little, apparently with perfect satisfaction to himself; for when he entered the housekeeper's room, he had quite recovered his usual complacent solemnity of look and manner. Like the vast majority of densely stupid men, he felt intense pleasure in hearing himself talk, and he now discerned such an opportunity of indulging in that luxury, after the events that had just happened in the house, as he seldom enjoyed. There is only one kind of speaker who is quite certain never to break down under any stress of circumstances—the man whose capability of talking does not include any dangerous underlying capacity for knowing what he means. Among this fa-

vored order of natural orators, Mr. Munder occupied a prominent rank—and he was now vindictively resolved to exercise his abilities on the two strangers, under pretence of asking for an explanation of their conduct, before he could suffer them to quit the house.

On entering the room, he found Uncle Joseph seated with his niece at the lower end of it, engaged in dropping some sal-volatile into a glass of water. At the upper end stood the housekeeper with an open medicine chest on the table before her. To this part of the room Mr. Munder slowly advanced, with a portentous countenance; drew an arm-chair up to the table; sat himself down in it with extreme deliberation and care in the matter of settling his coat-tails; and immediately became, to all outward appearance, the very model, or picture, of a Lord Chief Justice in plain clothes.

Mrs. Pentreath, conscious from these preparations that something extraordinary was about to happen, seated herself a little behind the steward. Betsey restored the keys to their place on the nail in the wall, and was about to retire modestly to her proper kitchen sphere, when she was stopped by Mr. Munder.

"Wait, if you please," said the steward. "I shall have occasion to call on you presently, young woman, to make a plain statement."

Obedient Betsey waited near the door, terrified by the idea that she must have done something wrong, and that the steward was armed with inscrutable legal power to try, sentence, and punish her for the offence on the spot.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Munder, addressing Uncle Joseph as if he was the Speaker of the House of Commons, "if you have done with that sal-volatile, and if the person by your side has sufficiently recovered her senses to listen, I should wish to say a word or two to both of you."

At this exordium, Sarah tried affrightedly to rise from her chair; but her uncle caught her by the hand, and pressed her back in it. "Wait and rest," he whispered. "I shall take all the scolding on my own shoulder, and do all the talking with my own tongue. As soon as you are fit to walk again, I promise you this: whether the big man has said his word or two, or has not said it, we

will quietly get up and go our ways out of the house."

"Up to the present moment," said Mr. Munder, "I have refrained from expressing an opinion. The time has now come, as it appears to me and Mrs. Pentreath, when, holding a position of trust as I do, in this establishment, and being accountable, and indeed responsible, as I am, for what takes place in it, and feeling, as I must, that things cannot be allowed, or even permitted, to rest as they are—it is my duty to say that I think your conduct is very extraordinary." Directing this forcible conclusion to his sentence straight at Sarah, Mr. Munder leaned back in his chair, quite full of words and quite empty of meaning, to collect himself comfortably for his next effort.

"My only desire" he resumed, with a soft and plaintive impartiality, "is to act fairly by all parties. I don't wish to frighten anybody, or to startle anybody, or even to terrify anybody. I wish to state remarkable facts of a singular nature. I wish to unravel, or, if you please, the expression being plainer to all capacities, which is all I want to be, to make out, what I may term, with perfect propriety—events. And when I have done that, I should wish to put it to you, ma'am, and to you, sir, whether—I say I should wish to put it to you both, calmly, and impartially, and politely, and plainly, and smoothly—and when I say smoothly, I mean quietly—whether—in short, whether you are not both of you bound to explain yourselves."

Mr. Munder paused, to let that last irresistible appeal work its way to the consciences of the persons whom he addressed. The housekeeper took advantage of the silence to cough, as congregations cough just before the sermon, apparently on the principle of getting rid of bodily infirmities beforehand, in order to give the mind free play for undisturbed intellectual enjoyment. Betsey, following Mrs. Pentreath's lead, indulged in a cough on her own account—of the faint distrustful sort. Uncle Joseph sat perfectly easy and undismayed, still holding his niece's hand in his, and giving it a little squeeze, from time to time, when the steward's oratory became particularly involved and impressive. Sarah never moved, never looked up, never lost the expression of terrified restraint which had taken possession of her face from the

first moment when she entered the housekeeper's room.

"Now what are the facts, and circumstances, and events?" proceeded Mr. Munder, leaning back in his chair, in calm enjoyment of the sound of his own voice. "You, ma'am, and you, sir, ring at the bell of the door of this Mansion" (here he looked hard at Uncle Joseph, as much as to say, "I don't give up that point about the house being a Mansion, you see, even on the judgment-seat") "you are let in, or, rather, admitted. You, sir, assert that you wish to inspect the Mansion (you say 'see the house,' but, being a foreigner, we are not surprised at your making a little mistake of that sort); you, ma'am, coincide, and even agree, in that request. What follows? You are shown over the Mansion. It is not usual to show strangers over it, but we happen to have certain reasons—"

Sarah started. "What reasons?" she asked, looking up quickly.

Uncle Joseph felt her hand turn cold and tremble in his. "Hush! hush!" he said, "leave the talking to me."

At the same moment, Mrs. Pentreath pulled Mr. Munder wearily by the coat-tail, and whispered to him to be careful. "Mrs. Frankland's letter," she said in his ear, "tells us particularly not to let it be suspected that we are acting under orders."

"Don't you fancy, Mrs. Pentreath, that I forget what I ought to remember," rejoined Mr. Munder—who had forgotten, nevertheless. "And don't you imagine that I was going to commit myself" (the very thing which he had just been on the point of doing). "Leave this business in my hands, if you will be so good. What reasons did you say, ma'am?" he added aloud, addressing himself to Sarah. "Never you mind about reasons; we have not got to do with them now; we have got to do with facts, and circumstances, and events. Be so good as to remember that, and to listen to what I was saying, and not to interrupt me again. I was observing, or remarking, that you, sir, and you, ma'am, were shown over this Mansion. You were conducted, and indeed led, up the west staircase—the Spacious west staircase, sir!—You were shown with politeness, and even with courtesy, through the breakfast-room, the library, and the drawing-room. In that drawing-room, you, sir, indulge in

outrageous, and, I will add, in violent language. In that drawing-room you, ma'am, disappear, or rather, go altogether out of sight. Such conduct as this, so highly unparalleled, so entirely unprecedented, and so very unusual, causes Mrs. Pentreath and myself to feel——" Here Mr. Munder stopped, at a loss for a word for the first time.

"Astonished," suggested Mrs. Pentreath, after a long interval of silence.

"No, ma'am!" retorted Mr. Munder severely. "Nothing of the sort. We were not at all astonished; we were—surprised. And what followed and succeeded that? What did you and I hear, sir, on the first-floor?" (looking sternly at Uncle Joseph). "And what did you hear, Mrs. Pentreath, while you were searching for the missing and absent party on the second-floor? What?"

Thus personally appealed to, the housekeeper answered briefly: "A scream."

"No! no! no!" said Mr. Munder, fretfully tapping his hand on the table. "A screech, Mrs. Pentreath—a screech. And what is the meaning, purport, and upshot of that screech? Young woman!" (here Mr. Munder turned suddenly on Betsey)—"we have now traced these extraordinary, these singular, and indeed these odd, facts and circumstances as far as you. Have the goodness to step forward, and tell us, in the presence of these two parties, how you came to utter, or give, what Mrs. Pentreath calls a scream, but what I call a screech. A plain statement will do, my good girl—quite a plain statement, if you please. And, young woman, one word more,—speak up. You understand me? Speak up!"

Covered with confusion by the public and solemn nature of this appeal, Betsey, on starting with her statement, unconsciously followed the oratorical example of no less a person than Mr. Munder himself; that is to say, she spoke on the principle of drowning the smallest possible infusion of ideas in the largest possible dilution of words. Extricated from the mesh of verbal entanglement in which she contrived to involve it, her statement may be not unfairly represented as simply consisting of the following facts:

First, Betsey had to relate that she happened to be just taking the lid off a saucepan, on the kitchen fire, when she heard, in the

neighborhood of the housekeeper's room, a sound of hurried footsteps (vernacularly termed by the witness, a "scurrying of somebody's feet"). Secondly, Betsey, on leaving the kitchen to ascertain what the sound meant, heard the footsteps retreating rapidly along the passage which led to the north side of the house, and, stimulated by curiosity, followed the sound of them, for a certain distance. Thirdly, at a sharp turn in the passage, Betsey stopped short, despairing of overtaking the person whose footsteps she heard, and feeling also a sense of dread (termed by the witness, "creeping of the flesh") at the idea of venturing alone, even in broad daylight, into the ghostly quarter of the house. Fourthly, while still hesitating at the turn of the passage, Betsey heard "the lock of a door go," and, stimulated afresh by curiosity, advanced a few steps farther—then, stopped again, debating within herself the difficult and dreadful question: whether it is the usual habit and custom of ghosts in general, when passing from one place to another, to unlock any closed door which may happen to be in their way, or to save trouble by simply passing through it? Fifthly, after long deliberation, and many false starts, forward towards the north hall and backward towards the kitchen, Betsey decided that it was the immemorial custom of all ghosts to pass through doors and not to unlock them. Sixthly, fortified by this conviction, Betsey went on boldly close to the door, when she suddenly heard a loud report as of some heavy body falling (graphically termed by the witness a "banging scrash"). Seventhly, the noise frightened Betsey out of her wits, brought her heart up into her mouth, and took away her breath. Eighthly, and lastly, on recovering breath enough to scream (or screech) Betsey did, with might and main, scream (and screech), running back towards the kitchen as fast as her legs would carry her, with all her hair "standing up on end," and all her flesh "in a crawl" from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

"Just so! Just so!" said Mr. Munder, when the statement came to a close—as if the sight of a young woman with all her hair standing on end and all her flesh in a crawl, were an ordinary result of his daily experience of female humanity. "Just so! You may stand back, my good girl—you may

stand back. There is nothing to smile at, sir," he continued, sternly addressing Uncle Joseph, who had been excessively amused by Betsy's manner of delivering her evidence. "You would be doing better to carry, or rather transport, your mind back to what followed and succeeded the young woman's screech. What did we all do, sir? We rushed to the spot, and we ran to the place. And what did we all see, sir? We saw *you*, ma'am, lying horizontally prostrate, on the top of the landing of the first of the flight of the north stairs; and we saw those keys now hanging up yonder, abstracted, and purloined, and, as it were, snatched, from their place in this room, and lying horizontally prostrate likewise, on the floor of the hall. There are the facts, the circumstances, the events, laid, or rather placed, before you. What have you got to say to them? Yes! what have you got to say to them? I call upon you both solemnly, and, I will add, seriously!—in my own name, in the name of Mrs. Pentreath, in the name of our employers, in the name of decency, in the name of wonder—what do you mean by it?"

With that fiery conclusion, Mr. Munder struck his fist on the table, and waited with a stare of merciless expectation, for any thing in the shape of an answer, an explanation, or a defence which the culprits at the bottom of the room might be disposed to offer.

"Tell him any thing," whispered Sarah to the old man. "Any thing to keep him quiet; any thing to make him let us go! After what I have suffered, these people will drive me mad!"

Never very quick at inventing an excuse, and perfectly ignorant besides of what had really happened to his niece while she was alone in the north hall, Uncle Joseph, with the best will in the world to prove himself equal to the emergency, felt considerable difficulty in deciding what he should say or do. Determined, however, at all hazards, to spare Sarah any useless suffering, and to remove her from the house as speedily as possible, he rose to take the responsibility of speaking on himself, looking hard, before he opened his lips, at Mr. Munder, who immediately leaned forward on the table, with his hand to his ear. Uncle Joseph acknowledged this polite act of attention with one of his

fantastic bows; and then replied to the whole of the steward's long harangue, in these six unanswerable words:

"I wish you good-day, sir!"

"How dare you wish me any thing of the sort!" cried Mr. Munder, jumping out of his chair in violent indignation. "How dare you trifle with a serious subject and a serious question in that way! Wish me good-day, indeed! Do you suppose I am going to let you out of this house without hearing from you, or from that person who is most improperly whispering to you at this very moment, some explanation of the abstracting and purloining and snatching of the keys of the north rooms?"

"Ah! it is that you want to know?" said Uncle Joseph, stimulated to plunge headlong into an excuse by the increasing agitation and terror of his niece. "See, now! I shall explain. What was it, dear and good sir, that we said when we were first let in? This: 'We have come to see the house.' Now, there is a north side to the house, and a west side to the house. Good! That is two sides; and I and my niece are two people; and we divide ourselves in two, to see the two sides. I am the half that goes west, with you and the dear and good lady behind there. My niece here is the other half that goes north, all by herself, and drops the keys, and falls into a faint, because in that old part of the house it is what you call musty-fusty, and there is smells of tombs and spiders, and that is all the explanation, and quite enough, too. I wish you good-day, sir."

"Damme! if I ever met with the like of you before!" roared Mr. Munder, entirely forgetting his dignity, his respectability, and his long words, in the exasperation of the moment. "You are going to have it all your own way, are you, Mr. Foreigner? You will walk out of this place when you please, will you, Mr. Foreigner? We will see what the justice of the peace for this district has to say to that," cried Mr. Munder, recovering his solemn manner and his lofty phraseology. "Property in this house is confided to my care; and unless I hear some satisfactory explanation of the purloining of those keys, hanging up there, sir, on that wall, sir, before your eyes, sir—I shall consider it my duty to detain you, and the

person with you, until I can get legal advice, and lawful advice, and magisterial advice. Do you hear that, sir?"

Uncle Joseph's ruddy cheeks suddenly deepened in color, and his face assumed an expression which made the housekeeper rather uneasy, and which had an irresistibly cooling effect on the heat of Mr. Munder's anger. "You will keep us here? You?" said the old man, speaking very quietly, and looking very steadily at the steward. "Now, see. I take this lady (courage, my child, courage! there is nothing to tremble for)—I take this lady with me; I throw that door open—so! I stand and wait before it; and I say to you, 'Shut that door against us, if you dare.'"

At this defiance, Mr. Munder advanced a few steps, and then stopped. If Uncle Joseph's steady look at him had wavered for an instant, he would have closed the door.

"I say again," repeated the old man, "shut it against us, if you dare. The laws and customs of your country, sir, have made of me an Englishman. If you can talk into one ear of a magistrate, I can talk into the other. If he must listen to you, a citizen of this country, he must listen to me, a citizen of this country also. Say the word, if you please. Do you accuse? or do you threaten? or do you shut the door?"

Before Mr. Munder could reply to any one of these three direct questions, the housekeeper begged him to return to his chair, and to speak to her. As he resumed his place, she whispered to him in warning tones, "Remember Mrs. Frankland's letter!"

At the same moment, Uncle Joseph, considering that he had waited long enough, took a step forward to the door. He was prevented from advancing any farther by his niece, who caught him suddenly by the arm, and said in his ear, "Look! they are whispering about us again!"

"Well!" said Mr. Munder, replying to the housekeeper. "I do remember Mrs. Frankland's letter, ma'am, and what then?"

"Hush! not so loud," whispered Mrs. Pentreath. "I don't presume, Mr. Munder, to differ in opinion with you; but I want to ask one or two questions. Do you think we have any charge that a magistrate would listen to, to bring against these people?"

Mr. Munder looked puzzled, and seemed,

for once in a way, to be at a loss for an answer.

"Does what you remember of Mrs. Frankland's letter," pursued the housekeeper, "incline you to think that she would be pleased at a public exposure of what has happened in the house? She tells us to take *private* notice of that woman's conduct, and to follow her *unperceived* when she goes away. I don't venture on the liberty of advising you, Mr. Munder, but, as far as regards myself, I wash my hands of all responsibility, if we do any thing but follow Mrs. Frankland's instructions (as she herself tells us), to the letter."

Mr. Munder hesitated. Uncle Joseph, who had paused for a minute when Sarah directed his attention to the whispering at the upper end of the room, now drew her on slowly with him to the door. "Betzi, my dear," he said, addressing the maid, with perfect coolness and composure; "we are strangers here; will you be so kind to us as to show the way out?"

Betsey looked at the housekeeper, who motioned her to appeal for orders to the steward. Mr. Munder was sorely tempted, for the sake of his own importance, to insist on instantly carrying out the violent measures to which he had threatened to have recourse; but Mrs. Pentreath's objections made him pause in spite of himself—not at all on account of their validity, as abstract objections, but purely on account of their close connection with his own personal interest in not imperilling his position with his employers by the commission of a blunder which they might never forgive.

"Betzi, my dear," repeated Uncle Joseph, "has all this talking been too much for your ears? has it made you deaf?"

"Wait!" cried Mr. Munder, impatiently. "I insist on your waiting, sir!"

"You insist? Well, well, because you are an uncivil man, is no reason why I should be an uncivil man, too. We will wait a little, sir, if you have any thing more to say." Making that concession to the claims of politeness, Uncle Joseph walked gently backwards and forwards with his niece in the passage outside the door. "Sarah, my child, I have frightened the man of the big words," he whispered. "Try not to tremble so much—we shall soon be out in the fresh air again."

In the mean time, Mr. Munder continued his whispered conversation with the housekeeper, making a desperate effort in the midst of his perplexities, to maintain his customary air of patronage, and his customary assumption of superiority. "There is a great deal of truth, ma'am," he softly began, "a great deal of truth, certainly, in what you say. But you are talking of the woman, while I am talking of the man. Do you mean to tell me that I am to let him go, after what has happened, without at least insisting on his giving me his name and address?"

"Do you put trust enough in the foreigner to believe that he would give you his right name and address if you asked him?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath. "With submission to your better judgment, I must confess that I don't. But supposing you were to detain him and charge him before the magistrate—and how you are to do that, the magistrate's house being, I suppose, about a couple of hours' walk from here, is more than I can tell—you must surely risk offending Mrs. Frankland by detaining the woman and charging the woman as well; for, after all, Mr. Munder, though I believe the foreigner to be capable of any thing, it was the woman who took the keys, was it not?"

"Quite so, quite so!" said Mr. Munder, whose sleepy eyes were now opened to this plain and straightforward view of the case for the first time. "I was, oddly enough, putting that point to myself, Mrs. Pentreath, just before you happened to speak of it. Yes, yes, yes—just so, just so!"

"I can't help thinking," continued the housekeeper, in a mysterious whisper, "that the best plan, and the plan most in accordance with our instructions, is to let them both go, as if we did not care to demean ourselves by any more quarreling or arguing with them; and to have them followed to the next place they stop at. The gardener's boy, Jacob, is weeding the broad-walk, in the west garden, this afternoon. These people have not seen him about the premises, and need not see him, if they are let out again by the south door. Jacob is a sharp lad, as you know; and, if he was properly instructed, I really don't see—"

"Is is a most singular circumstance, Mrs. Pentreath," interposed Mr. Munder, with the

gravity of consummate assurance; "but when I first sat down to this table, that idea about Jacob occurred to me. What with the effort of speaking, and the heat of argument, I got led away from it in the most unaccountable way—"

Here, Uncle Joseph, whose stock of patience and politeness was getting exhausted, put his head into the room again.

"I shall have one last word to address to you, sir, in a moment," said Mr. Munder, before the old man could speak. "Don't you suppose that your blustering and your bullying has had any effect on me. It may do with foreigners, sir; but it won't do with Englishmen, I can tell you."

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and rejoined his niece in the passage outside. While the housekeeper and the steward had been conferring together, Sarah had been trying hard to persuade her uncle to profit by her knowledge of the passage that led to the south door, and to slip away unperceived. But the old man steadily refused to be guided by her advice. "I will not go out of a place guiltily," he said, "when I have done no harm. Nothing shall persuade me to put myself, or to put you, in the wrong. I am not a man of much wits; but let my conscience guide me, and so long I shall go right. They let us in here, Sarah, of their own accord; and they shall let us out of their own accord, also."

"Mr. Munder! Mr. Munder!" whispered the housekeeper, interfering to stop a fresh explosion of the steward's indignation, which threatened to break out at the contempt implied by the shrugging of Uncle Joseph's shoulders, "while you are speaking to that audacious man, shall I slip into the garden and give Jacob his instructions?"

Mr. Munder paused before answering—tried hard to see a more dignified way out of the dilemma in which he had placed himself than the way suggested by the housekeeper—failed entirely to discern any thing of the sort—swallowed his indignation at one heroic gulp—and replied emphatically in two words: "Go, ma'am."

"What does that mean? what has she gone that way for?" said Sarah to her uncle in a quick, suspicious whisper, as the housekeeper brushed hastily by them, on her way to the west garden.

Before there was time to answer the question, it was followed by another, put by Mr. Munder.

"Now, sir!" said the steward, standing in the doorway, with his hands under his coat-tails and his head very high in the air. "Now, sir, and now, ma'am, for my last word! Am I to have a proper explanation of the abstracting and purloining of those keys, or am I not?"

"Certainly, sir, you are to have the explanation," replied Uncle Joseph. "It is, if you please, the same explanation that I had the honor of giving to you a little while ago. Do you wish to hear it again? It is all the explanation we have got about us."

"O! it is, is it?" said Mr. Munder. "Then all I have to say to both of you is—leave the house directly! Directly!" he added, in his most coarsely offensive tones, taking refuge in the insolence of authority, from the dim consciousness of the absurdity of his own position, which would force itself on him, even while he spoke. "Yes, sir!" he continued, growing more and more angry at the composure with which Uncle Joseph listened to him. "Yes, sir! you may bow and scrape, and jabber your broken English somewhere else. I won't put up with you here. I have reflected with myself, and reasoned with myself, and thought with myself, and asked myself, calmly—as Englishmen always do—if it was

any use making you of any importance, and I have come to a conclusion, and that conclusion is—no, it isn't! Don't you go away with a notion that your blusterings and your bullyings have had any effect on me. (Show them out, Betsey!) I consider you beneath—ay, sir, and below!—my notice. (Show them out!) I wash my hands of you, and I dismiss you, (Show them out!) and I survey you, and I look upon you, and I behold you, with contempt!"

"And I, sir," returned the object of all this withering derision, with the most exasperating politeness, "I shall say, for having your contempt, what I could by no means have said for having your respect, which is, briefly,—thank you. I, the small foreigner, take the contempt of you, the big Englishman, as the greatest compliment that can be paid from a man of your composition to a man of mine." With that, Uncle Joseph made a last fantastic bow, took his niece's arm, and followed Betsey along the passages that led to the south door, leaving Mr. Munder to compose a fit retort at his leisure.

Ten minutes later, the housekeeper returned breathless to her room, and found the steward walking backwards and forwards in a high state of irritation.

"Pray make your mind easy, Mr. Munder," she said. "They are both clear of the house at last, and Jacob has got them well in view on the path over the moor."

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S IMPROVED CEMENT.—Captain H. Young Darracott Scott, of the Royal Engineers, has patented a method of preparing, from common quick lime, a substance which will, when ground to powder and made up with water, set somewhat after the manner of Portland cement, and gradually attain a very great degree of hardness, thus differing essentially in its action from the preparation of lime as ordinarily used. He takes quick lime, prepared by any of the ordinary methods, and introduces it between two perforated and perpendicular brick walls contained in a kiln, which is also furnished with a fire-place, to allow of the lime being raised to the required temperature. The roof of the kiln is arched, to reverberate the heat through the lime, and the distance between the perforated wall containing it may vary from one to two feet and upwards, according to the size of the kiln. When the lime is raised to a dull or cherry-red heat, the firing is raked out, and iron pots containing ignited sulphur are then introduced into the kiln, care being taken that they are so placed as to be protected from such

a heat as would cause very rapid ebullition of the sulphur, and that no further access of air is allowed than that which is found when the flue is shut and the ash-pit and fire-door closed.

The process may be carried on in kilns of various forms, and, in fact, a more equable distribution of the sulphurous acid is obtained when the lime is placed on perforated horizontal floors, the above-described form being used only on account of the greater facility which it offers for charging and discharging. The effect can also be produced on the lime while still in the kiln in which it has been burned; but this method of procedure has been found precarious, apparently from the difficulty of adjusting the temperature, and of producing regularity of action by the sulphurous acid throughout the mass. The lime may be used in lumps of the size of a cocoa-nut, and, in a well-constructed dry kiln, one pound of sulphur is a fair allowance for each bushel of lime operated on. The larger the kiln, the more the process should be prolonged.

From The National Magazine.

PICTURESQUE SINS.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

EVERY moralist can show us that vice is universally wrong. I wish some one would arise to show that it is universally ugly. As the world goes, there are many sins—admitted to be sins by their perpetrators—which, so far from being concealed, are worn with a certain ostentation. The reason is, that they are supposed to be picturesque. As some noble houses have been content to hint their royal descent by the blazon of a bar sinister, there are men who will parade their pet sins, from a notion that they are related, however illegitimately, to the more striking and heroic virtues.

There is Harry Carter, for instance, called "Prince Hal" by his boon companions. His house is open to them; they empty his cellar, and hack out his hunters. He has so much conscience left, that he has not yet plunged beyond his depth in extravagance. He can still touch the bottom of solvency on tiptoe; but his fine estates are heavily mortgaged; his old English home, neglected and stripped of its trees, looks at him with mingled warning and reproach. Even the avenue is half cut down, and might tell Hal, whenever he rides up to the house, that he is, in a double sense, on the road to ruin. Worst of all, I am not sure that Hal even enjoys the life for which he pays so dearly. The wine in which he dissolves his pearl has not always the merit of being palatable; and there are certain soda-water moments besides, in which he has twinges of downright remorse. Still, on the whole, he believes himself to be a liberal, spirited fellow—a little reckless, he grants you, but nevertheless a thorough English blood. In other words, he lives in an attitude. He is sure that if you took his moral portrait as he stands, the whole effect—spite of some irregularity in the features—would be picturesque. Could any one prove to him that to trifle with the trust of wealth, to leave labor unencouraged, diligence unrewarded, ignorance uninstructed, was not only immoral, but ugly, I should still have hopes that Harry Carter might be reclaimed.

Our young squire, although he affects indifference to women, is complacently aware of the favor which they bear to him. It is when Lady Nancy, Miss Ditchley, and other Amazons, are in the field, that he takes his

most astonishing leaps. After the run, he wheels round to the ladies with a confident laugh, not quite free from effrontery. He is jovial, patronizing, even careless. Yet if, in the midst of his loud mirth, the slight figure of Grace Noel on her pony should meet him in the lane, a grave deference would come suddenly over him, and he would uncover to her as to a queen.

Grace has not yet seen five-and-twenty summers. She lives in a little ivy-hid cottage, in a lane that skirts Mr. Carter's estate. Two years since, an annuity of two hundred pounds—the produce of a great aunt's legacy—made the young lady independent. An ancient spinster—once housekeeper of the aunt aforesaid—now resides with Grace, rather as a friend than as a dependent. Kindness to the humble is one of Miss Noel's characteristics. You will often find her on a sunny afternoon at the village-school. She will personally examine the little Browns, Parkers, and Smiths, as to their spelling and their samplers; or question them on home affairs, and the interests of their parents. She will cheer up Dame Gossett herself,—the victim of a malady which (without due regard to her position as an instructor) she is teaching the new generation to pronounce "rheumatiz." Does Grace enter the small shop of the village linen-draper, she never by any chance reminds him of the scantiness or old-fashionedness of his stock; but pays with a smile as bright as if she had never seen Regent Street. In general, she consents to encase her dainty feet in boots of country manufacture, and undergoes a martyrdom, compared with which that of the pedestrian who walked on unboiled peas was a trifle, rather than wound the village Crispin by discarding his clumsy goods for those of the capital.

No wonder that Grace is in high favor with the poor. They all feel the charm of her simple and kindly manner, and vote her unanimously a "born and bred lady."

Grace has, however, less attractive aspects for some people. When a governess in the family of Mr. Tibbetts, the retired oilman, she was duly taught to "know her place" by Mrs. Tibbetts. To dine with the children—to refrain from intruding into the drawing-room, or from mingling with the wealthy guests—often to take her seat in the "rumble," and to bear the rough practical jokes

of the elder Master Tibbets—were a few of the trials to which the poor governess submitted in proud silence; and she a Noel, who could trace her descent to one of the oldest baronial houses in England, and who had a titular interest—though by no means a territorial one—in the romantic ruin of Noel Priory!

Grace did not forget this. Pride of family, and contempt of the merely wealthy, grew together in her breast, both feelings being nurtured by the hardships of her early days. She never forgot that she was born a lady, and did not perceive that her over-consciousness of the fact was gradually sapping its chief moral charm.

For nothing has Miss Noel been more applauded than for her felicity in repelling vulgar ostentation. Some decisive dowager, who wears her jewels as profusely, though less quietly, than the waxwork ladies at Madame Tussaud's; some red-cheeked plethoric little man, who made a lucky hit during the railway mania, and who utters truisms in an authoritative croak; some hopeful heir of the aforesaid speculator, who makes up a "book" for the Derby, and backs, in one sense of that word, horses which he could hardly venture to back in another,—one and all of these have at various times assailed Miss Noel with their condescension, and retreated from her with amusing precipitancy. Never rude, seldom sarcastic, there is a sort of rebuke in her low clear voice, in her smile full of civil attention but stopping short of interest, and, above all, in her look of perplexed interrogatory when patronage is specially intended, that delights the initiated. They can never admire enough the ease with which she puts down pompous old C—, or arrests the assurance of dictatorial Mrs. F—. She is so self-possessed—so much the lady; her pride, in a word, is so picturesque! Would that Grace could see such pride in its nakedness—a sin, and an ugly one.

For think, Grace, where it is leading you! Already it has taught you gross injustice to a large section of your fellow-creatures, taught you to confound a whole class with its worst examples, and to overlook the refinement and generosity which so often distinguish the architects of their own fortune; and, worse than this, taught you to attach undue value to manner and bearing, and to rate as nothing the warm and honest feelings, which may

consist, not only with defects of breeding, but even with vulgar foibles.

Are you yourself, Grace, so certainly free from that very vulgarity which you despise in others? Would it not be a fair definition of vulgarity in its essence, to say that it is the sense of self predominating over the sense of one's relations to others? A woman of your taste, of course, would never make herself a locomotive advertisement of her jeweller and her milliner,—never use her tongue as if it were a weapon, and bayonet society with dogmas; but, in the perpetual sense of what is becoming to you,—of what befits the lady that you are,—in the suppressed but complacent contrast of yourself with others, is there nothing, Grace, of the same self-consciousness that lies at the root of all vulgarity? Even your suavity to the humble, which had once its source in spontaneous kindness, is already vitiated by this consciousness. There is more self than charity in your courtesies to the poor, when rendered chiefly because a lady is never arrogant to her inferiors. What will time make of you, with all your delicate tact, if you go on referring conduct, not to duties and sympathies, but to what sets off and indicates your position? You will be a polished vulgarian, but a vulgarian no less because self-wrapped and heartless. And will not the narrow, though refined nature, that turns over on itself as a pivot, work at last the traces of its petty circuit into your face, until one sees there within how mean a round a soul can prison itself? Compared with a Christian woman, who hopes the best of all, who can see worth beneath a coarse exterior, who aims to make even the worst better, whose free kindness flows out of her like the perfume of a flower or the song of a bird,—compared with such a character, Grace, your own is not merely unamiable; it is ugly.

There is another sort of picturesque sinner, not unknown in our day. We lately met an example of this class, in the person of Mr. Leigh Challoner. Challoner is an amateur artist, poet, and musician; and his capacity in all these directions is current in a very select circle. It is mysteriously hinted that Challoner is a great genius, but that he scorns general opinion too much to write, paint, or compose for the public. He scarcely deigns to abuse it, except by implication. If a genial humorist sends a laugh rippling over

the face of society, if a poet rivets its attention by some simple earnest strain, Challoner smiles, observes that A. or B. was the very man to succeed—there was no dangerous depth or subtlety in either; and tells you that the painter understood the public to a nicety who wrote "this is a horse" under his picture of the quadruped. Challoner receives we know not what admiration on the strength of being superior to his kind, and especially because he never helps it to his level. This quiet supremacy and disdain are again supposed by some to be eminently picturesque. O, Challoner, under any interpretation of your mind, it seems to us an ugly one! If you have not the genius to which you pretend, you are simply an impostor. If, possessing it, you purposely shun the homeliest phrase or form that may touch the heart of your brother with beauty or enlighten it with truth, you are a misanthrope: you may choose between the hypocrite and the scorner. Good men will praise neither.

Many are the personages once held to be picturesque who are now seen to be mere scarecrows: powdered gentlemen of fashion, who founded their own reputations on those they had ruined; who could first insult the wife, and then "pink" the resentful husband; highwaymen, who rode to Tyburn-tree decorated with the favors of the fair; duellists, who were knaves in disguise, and compelled men to stake lives that had the sterling ring of manhood against their own brazen counterfeits; fools, who affected Byron's faults, without a touch of his genius, and disdained the world that they neither comprehended nor improved. Touching these, the delusions of society have long ago ceased, and they are now either abhorred or despised. Their successors will share the same fate. May we not learn from experience that whatever runs counter to moral worth is ugly, and that in reality there is no such thing as a picturesque sin?

NOTHING is more evident from experience, than that the not using or employing any faculty or power, either of body or soul, does insensibly weaken and impair that faculty; as a sword by long lying will contract a rust, which shall not only deface its brightness, but by degrees also consume its very substance. Doing nothing naturally ends in being nothing. To hide one's talent in the ground is to bury it; and the burial of a thing either finds it dead, or will quickly make it so.

How comes it to pass, that there is often seen such a vast difference between the former and the latter part of some men's lives? that those who first stepped forth into the world with high and promising abilities, vigorous intellects, and clear morals, come at length to grow sots and epicures, mean in their discourses, and dirty in their practices; but that, as, by degrees, they remitted of their industry, loathed their business, and gave way to their pleasures, they let fall those generous principles which, in their youthful days, had borne them upon the wing, and raised them to worthy and great thoughts; which thoughts and principles, not being kept up and cherished, but smothered in sensual delights, God for that cause suffered them to flag and sink into low and inglorious satisfactions, and to enjoy themselves more in a revel or a merry meeting, than in being useful to a church or a nation, in being a public good to society and a benefit to mankind? The parts that God gave them, they held in unrighteousness, sloth, and sensuality; and this made God to desert and abandon them to themselves; so that they have had a doting and a decrepit reason, long before age had given them such a body.

And, therefore, I could heartily wish that

such young persons as hear me now would lodge this one observation deep in their minds, that God and nature have joined wisdom and virtue by such a near cognation, or rather such an inseparable connection, that a wise, a prudent, and an honorable old age is seldom or never found, but as the reward and effect of a sober, a virtuous, and a well-spent youth.—*Robert South.*

LEECH'S PUNCH DESIGNS.*—Mr. Leech's illustrations to *Punch* are as familiar as may well be to every one in the pages of *Punch* himself, and were made even more so by the issue of a first series of them in a collected form like the present on a previous occasion. We then expressed our sense of the vast stock of truth, observation, ease, fun, and good-humor, which is to be found in Mr. Leech's designs, and of the symptoms which turn up every now and then of a fresh and genial eye for outward nature. If, therefore, we are brief now, it is not because there is nothing to say, or no good-will for saying it. The mine into which the artist has here dug for the second time will bear the operation again and again without being exhausted; and each successive "find" will bid fair to call forth more laughter than any other picture-book of the season, with plenty of approbation of the more critical kind to boot. The present volume contains, amidst its innumerable subjects and suggestions, some of the Tom Noddy, Flunkeiana, and Servantgalism series, with war and sporting incidents, and hits at poultry-mania, ladies' hats, and dandies' long coats, in abundance.

* *Pictures of Life and Character.* By John Leech. From the Collection of Mr. Punch. Second Series. Published by Bradbury and Evans.

RUTH.

I.

In the land of Bethlehem Judah,
Let us linger, let us wander !
Ephrath's sorrow, Rachel's pillar,
Lieth in the valley yonder;
And the yellow barley harvest
Floods it with a golden glory.
Let us back into the old time,
Dreaming of her tender story,
Of her true heart's strong devotion,
From beyond the Dead Sea water,
From the heathen land of Moab,—
Mahlon's wife and Mara's daughter.

II.

On the terebinth and fig-tree
Suns of olden time are shining,
And the dark leaf of the olive
Scarcely shows its silver lining;
For still noon is on the thicket,
Where the blue-neck'd pigeons listen
To their own reproachful music;
And the red pomegranates glisten.
As a queen a golden circlet,
As a maid might wear a blossom,
So the valley wears the cornfields
Heaving on her fertile bosom;
And the wild gray hills stand o'er them,
All their terraced vineyards swelling
Like the green waves of a forest,
Up to David's mountain-dwelling.

III.

Lo ! the princely-hearted Boaz
Moves among his reapers slowly;
And the widow'd child of Moab
Bends behind the gleaners lowly,
Gathering, gleanings, as she goeth
Down the slopes and up the hollows,
While the love of old Naomi
Like a guardian angel follows.
And he speaketh words of kindness,
Words of kindness, calm and stately,
Till he breaks the springs of gladness
That lay cold and frozen lately;
And the love-flowers that had faded
Deep within her bosom lonely,
Slowly open as he questions,
Soon for him to blossom only—
When that spring shall fill with music,
Like an over-flowing river,
All his homestead; and those flowers
Bloom beside his hearth forever.—
Mother of a line of princes,
Wrought into that race's story,
Whom the Godhead breaking earthward
Mark'd with an unearthly glory !

IV.

Still he walks among the reapers,
And the day is nearly over,
And the lonely mountain partridge
Seeks afar his scanty cover :
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,
That had gleaned behind the gleaner,
Find their shelter in the thicket;

And the cloudless sky grows sheener
With a sudden flush of crimson,
Steeping in a fiery lustre
Every sheath top in the valley,
On the hill-side every cluster.

V.

Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountain,
And sweet Ruth among the meadows !
Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble minded !
Teach us—haughty and unsparing—
Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.
Still each softest loveliest color
Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our heart's first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland moving,
When the great old Bible open'd,
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Fill'd our infant hearts with pleasure.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A SPRING SONG.

As I came through the wood to-day

I heard the birdies sing—

“The sun has ta'en the frost away,
And brought the pleasant Spring.
O long the Winter was and drear,
The skies were hung with gloom;
But we had faith—we did not fear—
We knew the Spring would come.”

O birdie, singing on the tree

Thy hymn of praise divine,

I would thou couldst impart to me

Such hopeful trust as thine.

To my worn heart, when grief is near,

This heavenly lesson bring—

To bear life's Winter without fear,

Believing in the Spring ! M. J. J.

—*Titan.*

THE GARDEN.

I know a garden where, in magic bowers,
Enchanted, spring most rare and wondrous flowers,
Kept by the charm that on that garden lies,
Invisible to cold unloving eyes;
That so from those who walk in scorn and pride
Each flowret seems of its own self to hide:
But when they come who know the blessed spell
That bids each bud to life and fragrance swell,
Beauty awakes where'er they turn their eyes,
And rarest perfumes at their call arise.

The human soul's that mystic place—

The graceless never find its grace,

And Pride sees it a barren field—

Only to Truth will Beauty yield

The secrets of its wondrous life,

Fidelity to Faith, and Love to Honor give

Their light and fragrance : here the magic lies—

Virtue at Virtue's voice alone will rise.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

W. J. STILLMAN.

CHAPTER LI.

CONFLICTING THOUGHTS.

THE Princess Sabloukoff found—not by any means an unfrequent experience in life—that the dinner, whose dullness she had dreaded, turned out a very pleasant affair. The Prince was unusually gracious. He was in good spirits, and put forth powers of agreeability which had been successful in one of less distinction than himself. He possessed, eminently, what a great orator once panegyrized as a high conversational element, “great variety,” and could without abruptness pass from subject to subject, with always what showed he had bestowed thought upon the theme before him. Great people have few more enviable privileges than that they choose their own topics for conversation. Nothing disagreeable, nothing wearisome, nothing inopportune can be obtruded upon them. When they have no longer any thing worth saying, they can change the subject or the company.

His Highness talked with Madame de Sabloukoff on questions of state as he might have talked with a Metternich; he even invited from her expressions of opinion that were almost counsels, sentiments that might pass for warnings. He ranged over the news of the day, relating occasionally some little anecdote, every actor in which was a celebrity; or now and then communicating some piece of valueless secrecy, told with all the mystery of a “great fact;” and then he discussed with Upton the condition of England, and deplored, as all continental rulers do, the impending downfall of that kingdom, from the growing force of our restless and daring democracy. He regretted much that Sir Horace was not still in office, but consoled himself by reflecting that the pleasure he enjoyed in his society had been in that case denied him. In fact, what with insinuated flatteries, little signs of confidence, and a most marked tone of cordiality, purposely meant to strike beholders, the Prince conducted the conversation right royally, and played “Highness” to perfection.

And these two crafty, keen-sighted people, did they not smile at the performance, and did they not, as they drove home at night, amuse themselves as they recounted the little traits of the great man’s dupery? Not a bit of it. They were charmed with his gracious manner, and actually enchanted with his agreeability. Strong in their self-esteem, they could not be brought to suspect that any artifice could be practised on them, or that the mere trickery and tinsel of high station could be imposed on them as true value. Nay, they even went further, and

discovered that his Highness was really a very remarkable man, and one who received far less than the estimation due to him. His flightiness became versatility; his eccentricity was all originality; and ere they reached the hotel, they had endowed him with almost every moral and mental quality that can dignify manhood.

“It is really a magnificent *tourquoise*,” said the Princess, gazing with admiration at a ring the Prince had taken from his own finger to present to her.

“How absurd is that English jealousy about foreign decorations. I was obliged to decline the red cross of Massa which his Highness proposed to confer on me. A monarchy that wants to emulate a republic is simply ridiculous.”

“You English are obliged to pay dear for your hypocries; and you ought, for you really love them;” and with this taunt, the carriage stopped at the door of the inn.

As Upton passed up the stairs the waiter handed him a note, which he hastily opened; it was from Glenore, and in these words:

“Dear Upton,—I can bear this suspense no longer; to remain here canvassing with myself all the doubts that beset me is a torture I cannot endure. I leave, therefore, at once for Florence. Once there—where I mean to see and hear for myself—I can decide what is to be the fate of the few days or weeks that yet remain to—Yours,

“GLENORE.”

“He is gone, then—his lordship has started?”

“Yes, your Excellency, he is by this time near Lucca, for he gave orders to have horses ready at all the stations.”

“Read that, Madame,” said Upton, as he once more found himself alone with the Princess; “you will see that all your plans are disconcerted. He is off to Florence.”

Madame de Sabloukoff read the note, and threw it carelessly on the table. “He wants to forgive himself, and only hesitates how to do so gracefully,” said she, sneeringly.

“I think you are less than just to him,” said Upton, mildly; “his is a noble nature, disfigured by one grand defect.”

“Your national character, like your language, is so full of incongruities and contradictions, that I am not ashamed to own myself unequal to master it; but it strikes me that both one and the other usurp freedoms that are not permitted to others. At all events, I am rejoiced that he is gone. It is the most wearisome thing in life to negotiate with one too near you. Diplomacy of even the humblest kind requires distance.”

“You agree with the duellist, I perceive,”

said he, laughing, "that twelve paces is a more fatal distance than across a handkerchief—proximity begets tremor."

"You have guessed my meaning correctly," said she; "meanwhile I must write to her not to come here. Shall I say that we will be in Florence in a day or two?"

"I was just thinking of those Serravezza springs," said Upton; "they contain a bichloride of potash, which Staub in his treatise says, 'is the element wanting in all nervous organizations.'"

"But remember the season—we are in midwinter—the hotels are closed."

"The springs are running, Princess; 'the earth,' as Moschus says, 'is a mother that never ceases to nourish.' I do suspect I need a little nursing."

The Princess understood him thoroughly. She well knew that whenever the affairs of Europe followed an unbroken track, without any thing eventful or interesting, Sir Horace fell back upon his maladies for matter of occupation. She had, however, now occasion for his advice and counsel, and by no means concurred in his plan of spending some days, if not weeks, in the dreary mountain solitudes of Serravezza. "You must certainly consult Lanotti before you venture on these waters," said she; "they are highly dangerous if taken without the greatest circumspection;" and she gave a catalogue of imaginary calamities which had befallen various illustrious and gifted individuals, to which Upton listened with profound attention.

"Very well," sighed he, as she finished. "It must be as you say. I'll see Lanotti, for I cannot afford to die just yet. That 'Greek question' will have no solution without me—no one has the key of it but myself. That Panslavic scheme, too, in the Principalities, attracts no notice but mine; and as to Spain, the policy I have devised for that country requires all the watchfulness I can bestow on it. No, Princess," here he gave a melancholy sigh, "we must not die at this moment. There are just four men in Europe—I doubt if it could get on with three."

"What proportion do you admit as to the other sex?" said she, laughing.

"I only know of *one*, Madame," and he kissed her hand with gallantry; "and now for Florence, if you will."

It is by no means improbable that our readers have a right to some apology at our hands, for the habit we have indulged of lingering along with the two individuals whose sayings and doings are not directly essential to our tale; but is not the story of every-day life our guarantee that incidents and people cross and re-cross the path we

are going; attracting our attention, engaging our sympathy, enlisting our energies, even in our most anxious periods? Such is the world; and we cannot venture out of reality. Besides this, we are disposed to think that the moral of a tale is often more effectively conveyed by the characters than by the catastrophe of a story. The strange discordant tones of the human heart, blending with melody the purest, sounds of passionate rancor, are in themselves more powerful lessons than all the records of rewarded virtue and all the calendars of punished vice. The nature of a single man can be far more instructive than the history of every accident that befalls him.

It is then with regret that we leave the Princess and Sir Horace to pursue their journey alone. We confess a liking for their society, and would often as soon loiter in the by-paths that they follow, as journey in the more recognized high-road of our true history. Not having the same conviction that our sympathy is shared by our readers, we again return to the fortunes of Glencore.

While Lord Glencore's carriage underwent the usual scrutiny exercised towards travellers at the gate of Florence, and prying officials poked their lanterns in every quarter in all the security of their "caste," two foot travellers were rudely pushed aside to await the time till the pretentious equipage passed on. They were foreigners; and their effects, which they carried in knapsacks, required examination.

"We have come a long way on foot to-day," said the younger, in a tone that indicated nothing of one asking a favor. "Can't we have this search made at once?"

"Whisht—whisht," whispered his companion in English. "Wait till the Prince moves on, and be polite with them all."

"I am seeking for nothing in the shape of compliment," said the other; "there is no reason why, because I am on foot, I must be detained for this man."

Again the other remonstrated and suggested patience.

"What are you grumbling about, young fellow?" cried one of the officers; "do you fancy yourself of the same consequence as mi Lordo? And see, he must wait his time here."

"We came a good way on foot to-day, sir," interposed the elder, eagerly, taking the reply on himself, "and we're tired and weary, and would be deeply obliged if you'd examine us as soon as you could."

"Stand aside and wait your turn," was the stern response.

"You almost deserve the fellow's insolence, Billy," said the youth; "a crown

piece in his hand had been far more intelligible than your appeal to his pity," and he threw himself wearily down on a stone bench.

Aroused by the accent of his own language, Lord Glencore sat up in his carriage, and leaned out to catch sight of the speaker, but the shadow of the overhanging roof concealed him from view. "Can't you suffer those two poor fellows to move on?" whispered his Lordship, as he placed a piece of money in the officer's hand; "they look tired and jaded."

"There, thank his Excellency for his kindness to you, and go your way," muttered the officer to Billy, who, without well understanding the words, drew nigh the window; but the glass was already drawn up, the postilions were once more in their saddles, and away dashed the cumbrous carriage in all the noise and uproar that is deemed the proper tribute to rank.

The youth heard that they were free to proceed, with a half-dogged indifference, and throwing his knapsack on his shoulders, moved away.

"I asked them if they knew of one of her name in the city, and they said 'No,'" said the elder.

"But they so easily mistake names—how did you call her?"

"I said Harley—La Signora Harley," rejoined the other; "and they were positive she was not here. They never heard of her."

"Well, we shall know soon," sighed the youth, heavily. "Is not this an inn, Billy?"

"Ay is it, but not one for our purpose—it's like a palace. They told me of the Leone d'Oro as a quiet place and a cheap."

"I don't care where or what it be; one day and night here will do all I want, and then for Genoa, Billy, and the sea, and the world beyond the sea," said the youth, with increasing animation. "You shall see what a different fellow I'll be when I throw behind me forever the traditions of this dreary life here."

"I know well the good stuff that's in ye," said the other, affectionately.

"Ay. But you don't know that I have energy as well as pride," said the other.

"There's nothing beyond your reach if you want to get it," said he again, in the same voice.

"You're an arrant fatterer, old boy," cried the youth, throwing his arm around him; "but I would not have you otherwise for the world. There is a happiness even in the self-deception of your praise that I could not deny myself."

Thus chatting, they arrived at the humble

door of the Leone d'Oro, where they installed themselves for the night. It was a house frequented by couriers and vetturini, and at the common table for this company they now took their places for supper. The Carnival was just drawing to its close, and all the gayeties of that merry season were going forward. Nothing was talked of but the brilliant festivities of the city, the splendid balls of the court, and the magnificent receptions in the houses of the nobility.

"The Palazzo della Torre takes the lead of all," said one. "There were upwards of three thousand masks there this evening, I'm told, and the gardens were just as full as the salons."

"She is rich enough to afford it well," cried another. "I counted twenty servants in white and gold liveries on the stairs alone."

"Were you there, then?" asked the youth, whom we may at once call by his name of Massy.

"Yes, sir; a mask and a domino, such as you see yonder, are passports everywhere for the next twenty-four hours; and though I'm only a courier, I have been chatting with duchesses, and exchanging smart sayings with countesses in almost every great house in Florence this evening. The Perzola theatre, too, is open, and all the boxes crowded with visitors."

"You are a stranger, as I detect by your accent," said another, "and you ought to have a look at a scene such as you'll never witness in your own land."

"What would come of such freedoms with us, Billy?" whispered Massy; "would our great lords tolerate, even for a few hours, the association with honest fellows of this stamp?"

"There would be danger in the attempt, any how," said Billy.

"What calumnies would be circulated—what slanderous tales would be sent abroad under cover of this secrecy. How many a coward-stab would be given in the shadow of that immunity. For one who would use the privilege for mere amusement, how many would turn it to account for private vengeance."

"Are you quite certain such accidents do not occur here?"

"That society tolerates the custom is the best answer to this. There may be, for aught we know, many a cruel vengeance executed under favor of this secrecy. Many may cover their faces to unmask their hearts, but after all they continue to observe a habit which centuries back their forefathers followed; and the inference fairly is, that it is not baneful. For my own part, I am glad to have an opportunity of witnessing this

Saturnalia, and to-morrow I'll buy a mask and a domino, Billy, and so shall you, too. Why should we not have a day's fooling like the rest?"

Billy shook his head and laughed, and they soon afterwards parted for the night.

While young Massy slept soundly, not a dream disturbing the calmness of his rest, Lord Glencore passed the night in a state of feverish excitement. Led on by some strange mysterious influence, which he could as little account for as resist, he had come back to the city where the fatal incident of his life had occurred. With what purpose he could not tell. It was not, indeed, that he had no object in view. It was rather that he had so many and conflicting ones, that they marred and destroyed each other. No longer under the guidance of calm reason, his head wandered from the past to the present and the future, disturbed by passion and excited by injured self-love. At one moment, sentiments of sorrow and shame would take the ascendant; and at the next, a vindictive anger to follow out his vengeance and witness the ruin that he had accomplished. The unbroken, unrelieved pressure of one thought, for years and years of time, had at last undermined his reasoning powers, and every attempt at calm judgment or reflection was sure to be attended with some violent paroxysm of irrepressible rage.

There are men in whom the combative element is so strong that it usurps all their guidance, and when once they are enlisted in a contest, they cannot desist till the struggle be decided for or against them. Such was Glencore. To discover that the terrible injury he had inflicted on his wife had not crushed her nor driven her with shame from the world, aroused once more all the vindictive passions of his nature. It was a defiance he could not withstand. Guilty or innocent, it mattered not; she had braved him, at least so he was told, and as such he had come to see her with his own eyes. If this was the thought which predominated in his mind, others there were that had their passing power over him—moments of tenderness, moments in which the long past came back again, full of softening memories, and then he would burst into tears and cry bitterly.

If he ventured to project any plan for reconciliation with her he had so cruelly wronged, he as suddenly bethought him that her spirit was not less high and haughty than his own. She had, so far as he could learn, never quailed before his vengeance; how, then, might he suppose, would she act in the presence of his avowed injustice? Was it not, besides, too late to repair the wrong? Even for his boy's sake, would it

not be better if he inherited sufficient means to support an honorable life, unknown and unnoticed, than bequeath to him a name so associated with shame and sorrow? "Who can tell," he would cry aloud, "what my harsh treatment may not have made him? What resentment may have taken root in his young heart? What distrust may have eaten into his nature? If I could but see him and talk with him as a stranger. If I could be able to judge him apart from the influences that my own feelings would create. Even then—what would it avail me? I have so sullied and tarnished a proud name, that he could never bear it without reproach. Who is this Lord Glencore? people would say. What is the strange story of his birth? Has any one yet got at the truth? Was the father the cruel tyrant or the mother the worthless creature we hear tell of? Is he even legitimate, and if so, why does he walk apart from his equals, and live without recognition by his order? This is the noble heritage I am to leave him—this the proud position to which he is to succeed. And yet Upton says that the boy's rights are inalienable; that, think how I may, do what I will, the day on which I die he is the rightful Lord Glencore. His claim may lie dormant, the proofs may be buried, but that, in truth and fact, he will be what all my subterfuge and all my falsehood cannot deny him. And, then, if the day should come that he asserts his right—if, by some of those wonderful accidents that reveal the mysteries of the world, he should succeed to prove his claim—what a memory will he cherish of me. Will not every sorrow of his youth, every indignity of his manhood, be associated with my name? Will he or can he ever forgive him who defamed the mother and despoiled the son?"

In the terrible conflict of such thoughts as these, he passed the night; intervals of violent grief or passion alone breaking the sad connection of such reflections, till at length the worn-out faculties, incapable of further exercise, wandered away into incoherency, and he raved in all the wildness of insanity.

It was thus that Upton found him on his arrival.

CHAPTER LII.

MAJOR SCARESBY'S VISIT.

Down the crowded thoroughfare of the Borgo d'Ognisanti the tide of carnival mummers poured unceasingly. Hideous masks and gay dominoes, ludicrous impersonations, and absurd satires on costumes abounded, and the entire population seemed to have given themselves up to merriment.

and were fooling it to the top o' their bent. Bands of music and chorus singers from the theatre filled the air with their loud strains, and carriages crowded with fantastic figures moved past, pelting the bystanders with mock sweetmeats, and covering them with showers of flour. It was a season of universal license, and, short of actual outrage, all was permitted for the time. Nor did the enjoyment of the scene seem to be confined to the poorer classes of the people, who thus for the nonce assumed equality with their richer neighbors; but all, even to the very highest, mixed in the wild excitement of the pageant, and took the rough treatment they met with in perfect good humor. Dukes and princes, white from head to foot with the snowy shower, went laughingly along, and grave dignitaries were fain to walk arm in arm with the most ludicrous monstrosities, whose gestures turned on them the laughter of all around. Occasionally, but it must be owned, rarely, some philosopher of a sterner school might be seen passing hurriedly along, his severe features and contemptuous glances owing to little sympathy with the mummery about him; but even he had to compromise his proud disdain, and escape, as best he might, from the indiscriminate justice of the crowd. To detect one of this stamp, to follow and turn upon him the full tide of popular fury, seemed to be the greatest triumph of the scene. When such a victim presented himself, all joined in the pursuit: nuns embraced, devils environed him, angels perched on his shoulders, mock wild boars rushed between his legs; his hat was decorated with feathers, his clothes inundated with showers of meal or flour; hackney coachmen, dressed as ladies, fainted in his arms, and semi-naked bacchanals pressed drink to his lips. In a word, each contributed what he might of attention to the luckless individual, whose resistance—if he were so impolitic as to make any—only increased the zest of the persecution.

An instance of this kind had now attracted general attention, nor was the amusement diminished by the discovery that he was a foreigner, an Englishman. Impertinent allusions to his nation, absurd attempts at his language, ludicrous travesties of what were supposed to be his native customs, were showered on him, in company with a hail storm of mock bonbons and lime-pellets; till, covered with powder, and outraged beyond all endurance, he fought his way into the entrance of the *Hôtel d'Italie*, followed by the cries and laughter of the populace.

"Cursed tom-foolery! confounded asses!" cried he, as he found himself in a harbor of

refuge. "What the devil fun can they discover in making each other dirtier than their daily habits bespeak them? I say," cried he, addressing a waiter, "is Sir Horace Upton staying here? Well, will you say, Major Scareaby—he correct in the name—Major Scareaby requests to pay his respects."

"His Excellency will see you, Sir," said the man, returning quickly with the reply.

From the end of a room, so darkened by closed shutters and curtains as to make all approach difficult, a weak voice called out; "Ah, Scareaby, how d'ye yo? I was just thinking to myself that I couldn't be in Florence since I had not yet seen you!"

"You are too good, too kind, Sir Horace, to say so," said the other, with a voice whose tones by no means corresponded with the words.

"Yes, Scareaby; every thing in this good city is in a manner associated with your name. Its intrigues, its quarrels, its loves and jealousies; its mysteries, in fine, have had no such interpreter as yourself within the memory of man! What a pity there were no Scareabys in the Cinquecento! How sad there were none of your family here in the Medicean period; what a picture might we then have had of a society, fuller even than the present of moral delinquencies." There was a degree of pomposity in the manner he uttered this that served to conceal in a great measure its impertinence.

"I am much flattered to learn that I have ever enlightened your Excellency on any subject," said the Major, drily.

"That you have, Scareaby. I was a mere dabbler in moral toxicology when I heard your first lecture, and, I assure you, I was struck by your knowledge. And how is the dear city doing?"

"It is masquerading to-day," said Scareaby, "and, consequently, far more natural than at any other period of the whole year. Smeared faces and dirty finery—exactly its suitable wear!"

"Who are here, Major? Any one that one knows?"

"Old Millington is here."

"The Marquis?"

"Yes, he's here, fresh painted and lacquered; his eyes twinkling with a mock lustre that makes him look like an old po'chaise with a pair of new lamps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sir Horace, encouragingly.

"And then—there's Mabworth."

"Sir Paul Mabworth?"

"Ay, the same old bore as ever! He has got off one of Burke's speeches on the India Bill by heart, and says that he spoke

it on the question of the grant for Maynooth. O, if poor Burke could only look up."

"Look down! you ought to say, Scaresby; depend upon't he's not on the opposition benches still!"

"I hate the fellow," said Scaresby, whose ill temper was always augmented by any attempted smartness of those he conversed with. "He has taken Walmsley's cook away from him, and never gives any one a dinner."

"That is shameful—a perfect dog in the manger!"

"Worse; he's a dog without any manger! For he keeps his house on board-wages, and there's literally nothing to eat! That poor thing, Strejowsky."

"O, Olga Strejowsky, do you mean? What of her?"

"Why,—there's another husband just turned up. They thought he was killed in the Caucasus, but he was only passing a few years in Siberia; and so he has come back; and claims all the emeralds. You remember, of course, that famous necklace, and the great drops! They belonged once to the Empress Catherine, but Mabworth says that he took the concern with all its dependencies; he'll give up his bargain, but make no compromise."

"She's growing old, I fancy."

"She's younger than the Sabloukoff by five good years, and they tell me *she* plays Beauty to this hour."

"Ah, Scaresby, had you known what words were these you have just uttered, or had you only seen the face of him who heard them, you had rather bitten your tongue off, than suffered it to fashion them!"

"Briennolles danced with her, at that celebrated fête given by the Prince of Orleans something like eight and thirty years ago."

"And how is the dear Duke?" asked Upton, sharply.

"Just as you saw him at the Court of Louis the Eighteenth; he swaggers a little more as he gets more feeble about the legs, and he shows his teeth when he laughs, more decidedly since his last journey to Paris. Devilish clever fellows these modern dentists are! He wants to marry; I suppose you've heard it."

"Not a word of it. Who is the happy fair?"

"The Nina, as they call her now. She was one of the Della Torres, who married, or didn't marry, Glencore. Don't you remember him? He was Colonel of the 11th, and a devil of a martinet he was."

"I remember him," said Upton, drily.

"Well, he ran off with one of those girls,

and some say they were married at Capri; as if it signified what happened at Capri! She was a deuced good-looking girl at the time—a coquette, you know—and Glencore was one of those stiff English fellows, that think every man is making up to his wife; he drank besides."

"No, pardon me, there you are mistaken. I knew him intimately; Glencore was as temperate as myself."

"I have it from Lowther, who used to take him home at night; he said, Glencore never went to bed sober! At all events, she hated him, and detested his miserly habits."

"Another mistake, my dear Major. Glencore was never what is called a rich man, but he was always a generous one!"

"I suppose you'll not deny that he used to thrash her? Ay, and with a horsewhip, too!"

"Come, come, Scaresby, this is really too coarse for mere jesting."

"Jest? By Jove, it was very bitter earnest. She told Briennolles all about it. I'm not sure she didn't show him the marks."

"Take my word for it, Scaresby," said Upton, dropping his voice to a low but measured tone, "this is a base calumny, and the Duke of Briennolles no more circulated such a story than I did. He is a man of honor, and utterly incapable of it."

"I can only repeat that I believe it to be perfectly true!" said Scaresby, calmly.

"Nobody here ever doubted the story."

"I cannot say what measure of charity accompanies your zeal for truth in this amiable society, Scaresby, but I can repeat my assertion that this must be a falsehood."

"You will find it very hard, nevertheless, to bring any one over to your opinion," retorted the unappeasable Major. "He was a fellow everybody hated; proud and supercilious to all, and treated his wife's relations—who were of far better blood than himself—as though they were 'canaille.'"

A loud crash, as if of something heavy having fallen, here interrupted their colloquy, and Upton sprang from his seat and hastened into the adjoining room. Close beside the door—so close that he almost fell over it in entering—lay the figure of Lord Glencore. In his efforts to reach the door he had fainted, and there he lay—a cold, clammy sweat covering his livid features, and his bloodless lips slightly parted.

It was almost an hour ere his consciousness returned; but when it did, and when he saw Upton alone at his bedside, he pressed his hand within his own, and said: "I heard it all, Upton, every word! I tried to reach the room; I got up from bed—and was already at the door—when my brain

reeled, and my heart grew faint. It may have been malady, it might be passion—I know not—but I saw no more. He is gone,—is he not?” cried he in a faint whisper.

“Yes, yes—an hour ago; but you will think nothing of what he said, when I tell you his name. It was Scarsby, Major Scarsby; one whose bad tongue is the one solitary claim by which he subsists in a society of slanderers!”

“And he is gone!” repeated the other, in a tone of deep despondency.

“Of course he is. I never saw him since; but be assured of what I have just told you, that his libels carry no reproach. He is a calumniator by temperament.”

“I’d have shot him, if I could have opened the door,” muttered Glencore, between his teeth, but Upton heard the words distinctly. “What am I to this man,” cried he aloud, “or he to me, that I am to be arraigned by him on charges of any kind, true or false? What accident of fortune makes him my judge? Tell me that, sir. Who has appealed to him for protection? Who has demanded to be righted at his hand?”

“Will you not hear me, Glencore, when I say that his slanders have no sting? In the circles wherein he mixes, it is the mere scandal that amuses; for its veracity, there is not one that cares! You, or I, or some one else, supply the name of an actor in a disreputable drama; the plot of which alone interests, not the performer.”

“And am I to sit tamely down under this degradation?” exclaimed Glencore, passionately. “I have never subscribed to this dictation. There is little indeed of life left to me, but there is enough perhaps to vindicate myself against men of this stamp. You shall bring him a message from me; you shall tell him by what accident I overheard his discoveries.”

“My dear Glencore, there are graver interests, far worthier cares than any this man’s name can enter into, which should now engage you.”

“I say he shall have my provocation, and that within an hour!” cried Glencore, wildly.

“You would give this man and his words a consequence that neither have ever possessed,” said Upton, in a mild and subdued tone. “Remember, Glencore, when I left with you this morning that paper of Stubber’s, it was with a distinct understanding that other and wiser thoughts than those of vengeance were to occupy your attention. I never scrupled to place it in your hands; I never hesitated about confiding to you what in lawyer’s phrase would be a proof against you. When an act of justice was to be

done, I would not stain it by the faintest shadow of coercion. I left you free, I leave you still free, from every thing but the dictates of your own honor.”

Glencore made no reply, but the conflict of his thoughts seemed to agitate him greatly.

“The man who has pursued a false path in life,” said Upton, calmly, “has need of much courage to retrace his steps; but courage is not the quality you fail in, Glencore, so that I appeal to you with confidence.”

“I have need of courage,” muttered Glencore; “you say truly. What was it the doctor said this morning—aneurism?”

Upton moved his head with an inclination barely perceptible.

“What a Nemesis there is in nature,” said Glencore, with a sickly attempt to smile, “that passion should beget malady! I never knew, physically speaking, that I had a heart—till it was broken. So that,” resumed he in a more agreeable tone, “death may ensue at any moment—on the least excitement?”

“He warned you gravely on that point,” said Upton, cautiously.

“How strange that I should have come through that trial of an hour ago. It was not that the struggle did not move me. I could have torn that fellow limb from limb, Upton, if I had but the strength! But see,” cried he, feebly, “what a poor wretch I am; I cannot close these fingers!” and he held out a worn and clammy hand as he spoke. “Do with me as you will,” said he, after a pause; “I should have followed your counsels long ago!”

Upton was too subtle an anatomist of human motives to venture by even the slightest word to disturb a train of thought, which any interference could only damage. As the other still continued to meditate, and, by his manner and look, in a calmer and more reflective spirit, the wily diplomatist moved noiselessly away, and left him alone.

CHAPTER LIII.

A MASK IN CARNIVAL TIME.

FROM the gorgeous halls of the Pitti Palace down to the humblest chamber in Canaldole, Florence was a scene of rejoicing. As night closed in, the crowds seemed only to increase, and the din and clamor to grow louder. It seemed as though festivity and joy had overflowed from the houses, filling the streets with merry maskers. In the clear cold air, groups feasted, and sung, and danced, all mingling and intermixing with a freedom that showed how thoroughly the spirit of pleasure-seeking can annihilate the distinctions of class. The soiled and tattered

mummer leaned over the carriage-door, and exchanged compliments with the masked duchess within. The titled noble of a dozen quarterings stopped to pledge a merry company who pressed him to drain a glass of Monte Pulciano with them. There was a perfect fellowship between those whom fortune had so widely separated, and the polished accents of high society were heard to blend with the quaint and racy expressions of the "people."

Theatres and palaces lay open, all lighted *a giorno*. The whole population of the city surged and swayed to and fro like a mighty sea in motion, making the air resound the while with a wild mixture of sounds, wherein music and laughter were blended. Amid the orgie, however, not an act, not a word of rudeness disturbed the general content. It was a season of universal joy, and none dared to destroy the spell of pleasure that presided.

Our task is not to follow the princely equipages as they rolled in unceasing tides within the marble courts, nor yet to track the strong flood that poured through the wide thoroughfares in all the wildest exuberance of their joy. Our business is with two travellers, who, well weary of being for hours a-foot, and partly sated with pleasure, sat down to rest themselves on a bench beside the Arno.

"It is glorious fooling, that must be said, Billy," said Charles Massy, "and the spirit is most contagious. How little have you or I in common with these people. We scarce can catch the accents of the droll allusions, we cannot follow the strains of the rude songs, and yet we are carried away like the rest to feel a wild enjoyment in all this din and glitter and movement. How well they do it, too."

"Thru'ly by rayson of concentration," said Billy, gravely. "They are highly charged with fun. The ould adage says, 'Non semper sunt Saturnalia—It is not every day Morris kills a cow!'"

"Yet it is by this very habit of enjoyment that they know how to be happy."

"To be sure it is," cried Billy; "they have a ritual for it which we haven't; as Cicero tells us, 'In iucundis nullum periculum.' But ye see we have no notion of any amusement without a dash of danger through it, if not even cruelty!"

"The French know how to reconcile the two natures; they are brave and light-hearted too."

"And the Irish, Mister Charles—the Irish especially," said Billy, proudly, "for I was alludin' to the English in what I said last. The 'versatile ingenium' is all our own.

"He goes into a tent and he spends half-a-crown,
Comes out, meets a friend, and for love
knocks him down."

"There's an elegant philosophy in that, now, that a Saxon would never see! For it is out of the very fullness of the heart, ye may remark, that Pat does this, just as much as to say, 'I don't care for the expense!' He smashes a skull just as he would a whole dresser of crockery ware! There's something very grand in that recklessness."

The tone of the remark and a certain wild energy of his manner, showed that poor Billy's faculties were slightly under the influences of the Tuscan grape, and the youth smiled at sight of an excess so rare.

"How hard it must be," said Massy, "to go back to the work-a-day routine of life after one of these outbursts; to resume not alone the drudgery but all the slavish observances that humble men yield to great ones."

"'Tis what Bacon says, 'There's nothing so hard as unlearnin' any thing,' and the proof is, how few of us ever do it! We always go on mixin' old thoughts with new—puttin' different kinds of wine in the same glass, and then wonderin' we are not invigorated!"

"You're in a mood for moralizing to-night, I see, Billy," said the other, smiling.

"The levities of life always put me on that track, just as a dark cloudy day reminds me to take out an umbrella with me."

"Yet I do not see that all your observation of the world has indisposed you to enjoy it, or that you take harsher views of life the closer you look at it."

"Quite the reverse; the more I see of mankind the more I'm struck with the fact that the very wickedest and worst can't get rid of remorse! 'Tis something out of a man's nature entirely—something that dwells outside of him—sets him on to commit a crime; and then he begins to rayson and dispute with the temptation, just like one keepin' bad company, and listenin' to impure notions and evil suggestions, day after day; as he does this, he gets to have a taste for that kind of low society, I mane with his own bad thoughts, till at last every other ceases to amuse him. Look, what's that there—where are they goin' with all the torches there?" cried he, suddenly, springing up and pointing to a dense crowd that passed along the street. It was a band of music dressed in a quaint mediæval costume, on its way to serenade some palace.

"Let us follow and listen to them, Billy,"

said the youth; and they arose and joined the throng.

Following in the wake of the dense mass, they at last reached the gates of a great palace, and after some waiting gained access to the spacious court-yard. The grim old statues and armorial bearings shone in the glare of a hundred torches, and the deep echoes rung with the brazen voices of the band, as pent up within the quadrangle the din of a large orchestra arose. On a great terrace over-head, numerous figures were grouped—indistinctly seen from the light of the salons within—but whose mysterious movements completed the charm of a very interesting picture.

Some wrapped in shawls to shroud them from the night air, some less cautiously emerging from the rooms within, leaned over the marble balustrade and showed their jewelled arms in the dim hazy light, while around and about them gay uniforms and rich costumes abounded. As Billy gave himself up to the excitement of the music, young Massy, more interested by the aspect of the scene, gazed unceasingly at the balcony. There was just that shadowy indistinctness in the whole that invested it with a kind of romantic interest, and he could recall stories and incidents from those whose figures passed and repassed before him. He fancied that in their gestures he could trace many meanings, and, as the bent down heads approached and hands touched, he fashioned many a tale in his own mind of moving fortunes.

"And see, she comes again to that same dark angle of the terrace," muttered he to himself, as, shrouded in a large mantle and with a half mask on her features, a tall and graceful figure passed into the place he spoke of. "She looks like one among but not of them; how much of heart-weariness is there in that attitude; how full is it of sad and tender melancholy—would that I could see her face! My life on't that it is beautiful! There, she is tearing up her bouquet; leaf by leaf the rose-leaves are falling, as though one by one hopes were decaying in her heart." He pushed his way through the dense throng till he gained a corner of the court where a few leaves and flower-stems yet strewed the ground; carefully gathering up these, he crushed them in his hand and seemed to feel as though a nearer tie bound him to the fair unknown. How little ministers to the hope—how infinitely less again will feed the imagination of a young heart.

Between them now there was to his appreciation some mysterious link. "Yes," said he to himself, "true, I stand unknown, unnoticed, yet it is to me of all the thousands here she could reveal what is passing in that

heart! I know it, I feel it! She has a sorrow whose burthen I might help to bear. There is cruelty, or treachery, or falsehood, arrayed against her, and through all the splendor of the scene—all the wild gayety of the orgie—some spectral image never leaves her side! I would stake existence on it that I have read her aright!"

Of all the intoxications that can entrance the human faculties, there is none so maddening as that produced by giving full sway to an exuberant imagination. The bewilderment resists every effort of reason, and in its onward course carries away its victims with all the force of a mountain torrent. A winding-stair long unused and partly dilapidated led to the end of the terrace where she stood, and Massy, yielding to some strange impulse, slowly and noiselessly crept up this till he had gained a spot only a few yards removed from her. The dark shadow of the building almost completely concealed his figure, and left him free to contemplate her unnoticed.

Some event of interest within had withdrawn all from the terrace save herself, the whole balcony was suddenly deserted, and she alone remained, to all seeming lost to the scene around her. It was then that she removed her mask, and, suffering it to fall back on her neck, rested her head pensively on her hand. Massy bent over eagerly to try and catch sight of her face; the effort he made startled her, she looked round, and he cried out: "Ida—Ida! My heart could not deceive me!" In another instant he had climbed the balcony and was beside her.

"I thought we had parted forever, Sebastian," said she; "you told me so on the last night at Massa."

"And so I meant when I said it," cried he, "nor is our meeting now of my planning. I came to Florence, it is true, to see, but not to speak with you, ere I left Europe forever. For three entire days I have searched the city to discover where you lived, and chance—I have no better name for it—chance has led me hither."

"It is an unkind fortune that has made us to meet again," said she, in a voice of deep melancholy.

"I have never known fortune in any other mood," said he, fiercely. "When clouds show me the edge of their silver linings, I only prepare myself for storm and hurricane."

"I know you have endured much," said she, in a voice of deeper sadness.

"You know but little of what I have endured," rejoined he, sternly. "You saw me taunted indeed with my humble calling, insulted for my low birth, expelled ignominiously from a house where my presence had

been sought for, and yet all these, grievous enough, are little to other acts that I have had to bear."

"By what unhappy accident, what mischance, have you made *her* your enemy, Sebastian? She would not even suffer me to speak of you. She went so far as to tell me that there was a reason for the dislike, one which, if she could reveal, I would never question."

"How can I tell?" cried he, angrily. "I was born I suppose under an evil star, for nothing prospers with me."

"But can you even guess her reasons?" said she, eagerly.

"No, except it be the presumption of one in my condition daring to aspire to one in *yours*, and that, as the world goes, would be reason enough. It is probable, too, that I did not state these pretensions of mine over delicately. I told her, with a frankness that was not quite acceptable, I was one who could not speak of birth or blood. She did not like the coarse word I applied to myself, and I will not repeat it; and she ventured to suggest that, had there not appeared some ambiguity in her own position, I could never have so far forgotten my own as to advance such pretensions —"

"Well, and then?" cried the girl, eagerly.

"Well, and then," said he, deliberately, "I told her I had heard rumors of the kind she alluded to, but to *me* they carried no significance; that it was for *you* I cared. The accidents of life around you had no influence on my choice; you might be all that the greatest wealth and highest blood could make you, or as poor and ignoble as myself, without any change in my affections. 'These,' said she, 'are the insulting promptings of that English breeding which you say has mixed with your blood, and if for no other cause would make me distrust you.'

"'Stained as it may be,' said I, 'that same English blood is the best pride I possess.' She grew pale with passion as I said this, but never spoke a word; and there we stood, staring haughtily at each other, till she pointed to the door, and so I left her. And now, *Ida*, who is she that treats me thus disdainfully? I ask you not in anger, for I know too well how the world regards such as me to presume to question its harsh injustice. But tell me, I beseech you, that she is one to whose station these prejudices are the fitting accompaniments, and let me feel that it is less myself as the individual that she wrongs, than the class I belong to is that which she despises. I can better bear this contumely when I know that it is an instinct."

"If birth and blood can justify a prejudice, a princess of the house of Della Torre

might claim the privilege," said the girl, haughtily. "No family of the north, at least, will dispute with our own in lineage; but there are other causes which may warrant all that she feels towards you even more strongly, Sebastian. This boast of your English origin, this it is which has doubtless injured you in her esteem. Too much reason has she had to cherish the antipathy! Betrayed into a secret marriage by an Englishman, who represented himself as of a race noble as her own, she was deserted and abandoned by him afterwards. This is the terrible mystery which I never dared to tell you, and which led us to a life of seclusion at Massa. This is the source of that hatred towards all of a nation which she must ever associate with the greatest misfortunes of her life! And from this unhappy event was she led to make me take that solemn oath that I spoke of, never to link my fortunes with one of that hated land."

"But you told me that you had not made the pledge," said he, wildly.

"Nor had I then, Sebastian; but since we last met, worked on by solicitation, I could not resist, tortured by a narrative of such sorrows as I never listened to before. I yielded and gave my promise."

"It matters little to *me*!" said he, gloomily; "a barrier the more or the less can be of slight moment when there rolls a wide sea between us! Had you ever loved me, such a pledge had been impossible."

"It was you yourself, Sebastian, told me we were never to meet again," rejoined she.

"Better that we had never done so!" muttered he. "Nay, perhaps I am wrong," added he, fiercely; "this meeting may serve to mark how little there ever was between us!"

"Is this cruelty affected, Sebastian, or is it real?"

"It cannot be cruel to echo your own words. Besides," said he, with an air of mockery in the words, "she who lives in this gorgeous palace, surrounded with all the splendors of life, can have little complaint to make against the cruelty of fortune."

"How unlike yourself is all this!" cried she. "You, of all I have ever seen or known, understood how to rise above the accidents of fate, placing your happiness and your ambitions in a sphere where mere questions of wealth never entered. What can have so changed you?"

Before he could reply, a sudden movement in the crowd attracted the attention of both, and a number of persons who had filled the terrace now passed hurriedly into the salons, where, to judge from the commotion, an event of some importance had occurred. *Ida* lost not a moment in entering, when she

was met by the tidings—"It is she, Nina herself, is ill; some mask, a stranger it would seem, has said something or threatened something." In fact, she had been carried to her room in strong convulsions, and while some were in search of medical aid for her, others, not less eagerly, were endeavoring to detect the delinquent.

From the gay and brilliant picture of festivity which was presented but a few minutes back, what a change now came over the scene! Many hurried away at once, shocked at even a momentary shadow on the sunny road of their existence; others as anxiously pressed on to recount the incident elsewhere; some, again, moved by curiosity or some better prompting, exerted themselves to investigate what amounted to a gross violation of the etiquette of a carnival; and thus, in the salons, on the stairs, and in the court itself, the bustle and confusion prevailed. At length some suggested that the gate of the palace should be closed, and none suffered to depart without unmasking. The motion was at once adopted, and a small knot of persons, the friends of the Countess, assumed the task of the scrutiny.

Despite complaints and remonstrances as to the inconvenience and the delay thus occasioned, they examined every carriage as it passed out. None, however, but faces familiar to the Florentine world were to be met with; the well-known of every ball and fete were there, and if a stranger presented himself, he was sure to be one for whom some acquaintance could bear testimony.

At a fire in one of the smaller salons, stood a small group, of which the Duc de Briegnonles and Major Scaresby formed a part. Sentiments of a very different order had detained these two individuals, and while the former was deeply moved by the insult offered to the Countess, the latter felt an intense desire to probe the circumstance to the bottom.

"Devilish odd it is," cried Scaresby; "here we have been this last hour and a half turning a whole house out of the windows, and yet there's no one to tell us what it's all for, what it's all about!"

"Pardon, Monsieur," said the Duke, severely. "We know that a lady whose hospitality we have been accepting has retired from her company insulted. It is very clearly our duty that this should not pass unpunished."

"Oughtn't we to have some clearer insight into what constituted the insult? It may have been a practical joke—a *'mauvaise plaisanterie,'* Duke."

"We have no claims to any confidence not extended to us, sir," said the French-

man. "To me it is quite sufficient that the Countess feels aggrieved."

"Not but we shall cut an absurd figure to-morrow, when we own that we don't know what we were so indignant about."

"Only so many of us as have characters for the 'latest intelligence.'"

To this rally there succeeded a somewhat awkward pause, Scaresby occupying himself with thoughts of some perfectly safe vengeance.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was that Count Marsano—that fellow who used to be about the Nina long ago—come back again. He was at Como this summer, and made many inquiries after his old love!"

A most insulting stare of defiance was the only reply the old Duke could make to what he would have been delighted to resent as a personal affront.

"Marsano is a *'mauvais drole,'*" said a Russian; "and if a woman slighted him, or he suspected that she did, he's the very man to execute a vengeance of the kind."

"I should apply a harsher epithet to a man capable of such conduct," said the Duke.

"He'd not take it patiently, Duke," said the other.

"It is precisely in that hope, sir, that I should employ it," said the Duke.

Again was the conversation assuming a critical turn, and again an interval of ominous silence succeeded.

"There is but one carriage now in the court, your Excellency," said a servant addressing the Duke in a low voice; "and the gentleman inside appears to be seriously ill. It might be better, perhaps, not to detain him."

"Of course not," said the Duke; "but stay, I will go down myself."

There was still a considerable number of persons on foot in the court when the Duke descended, but only one equipage remained—a hired carriage, at the open door of which a servant was standing, holding a glass of water for his master.

"Can I be of any use to your master?" said the Duke, approaching. "Is he ill?"

"I fear he has burst a blood-vessel, sir," said the man. "He is too weak to answer me."

"Who is it—what's his name?"

"I am not able to tell you, sir; I only accompanied him from the hotel."

"Let us have a doctor at once; he appears to be dying," said the Duke, as he placed his fingers on the sick man's wrist.

"Let some one go for a physician."

"There is one here," cried a voice.

"I'm a doctor," and Billy Traynor pushed his way to the spot. "Come, Master Charles, get into the coach and help me to lift him out."

Young Massey obeyed, and not without difficulty. They succeeded at last in disengaging the almost lifeless form of a man whose dark domino was perfectly saturated with fresh blood; his half mask still covered his face, and to screen his features from the vulgar gaze of the crowd, they suffered it to remain there.

Up the wide stairs and into a spacious saloon they now carried the figure whose drooping head and hanging limbs gave little signs of life. They placed him on a sofa, and Traynor, with a ready hand, untied the mask and removed it. "Merciful Heavens," cried he, "it's my Lord himself!"

The youth bent down, gazed for a few seconds at the corpse-like face, and fell fainting to the floor.

"My Lord Glencore, himself!" said the Duke, who was himself an old and attached friend.

"Hush—not a word," whispered Traynor; "he's rallyin'—he's comin' to; don't utter a syllable."

Slowly and languidly the dying man raised his eyelids, and gazed at each of those around him. From their faces he turned his gaze to the chamber, viewing the walls and the ceiling, all in turn; and then, in an accent barely audible, he said, "Where am I?"

"Amongst friends, who love and will cherish you, dear Glencore," said the Duke, affectionately.

"Ah, Briegnonles—I remember you; and this—who is this?"

"Traynor, my Lord—Billy Traynor, that will never leave you while he can serve you."

"Whose tears are those upon my hand—I feel them hot and burning," said the sick man; and Billy stepped back, that the light should fall upon the figure that knelt beside him.

"Don't cry, poor fellow," said Glencore; "it must be a hard world, or you have many better and dearer friends than I could have ever been to you. Who is this?"

Billy tried, but could not answer.

"Tell him, if you know who it is; see how wild and excited it has made him," cried the Duke; for, stretching out both hands, Glencore had caught the boy's face on either side, and continued to gaze on it, in wild eagerness. "It is—it is," cried he, pressing it to his bosom, and kissing the forehead over and over again.

"Whom does he fancy it? Whom does he suspect?"

"This is—look, Briegnonles," cried the dying man, in a voice already thick with a death rattle—"this is the seventh Lord Viscount Glencore. I declare it; and now"—he fell back, and never spoke more. A single shudder shook his feeble frame, and he was dead.

* * * * *

We have had occasion once before in this veracious history to speak of the polite oblivion Florentine society so well understands to throw over the course of events which might cloud, even for a moment, the sunny surface of its enjoyment. No people, so far as we know, have greater gifts in this way—to shroud the disagreeables of life in decent shadow, to ignore or forget them, is their grand prerogative.

Scarcely, therefore, had three weeks elapsed, than the terrible catastrophe at the Palazzo della Torre was totally consigned to the by-gones; it ceased to be thought or spoken of, and was as much matter of remote history as an incident in the times of one of the Medici. Too much interested in the future to waste time on the past, they launched into speculations as to whether the Countess would be likely to marry again; what change the late event might effect in the amount of her fortune, and how far her position in the world might be altered by the incident. He who, in the ordinary esteem of society, would have felt less acutely than his neighbors for Glencore's sad fate—Upton—was in reality deeply and sincerely affected.

The traits which make a consummate man of the world—one whose prerogative is to appreciate others, and be able to guide and influence their actions—are, in truth, very high and rare gifts, and imply resources of fine sentiment, as fully as stores of intellectual wealth. Upton sorrowed over Glencore, as for one whose noble nature had been poisoned by an impetuous temper, and over whose best instincts an ungovernable self-esteem had ever held the mastery. They had been friends almost from boyhood, and the very worldliest of men can feel the bitterness of that isolation in which the "turn of life" too frequently commences. Such friendships are never made in later life. We lend our affections when young on very small security, and though it is true we are occasionally unfortunate, we do now and then make a safe investment. No men are more prone to attach an exaggerated value to early friendships than those, who, stirred by strong ambitions, and animated by high resolves, have played for the great stakes in the world's lottery. Too much immersed in the cares and contests of life to find time to contract close personal attachments, they

fall back upon the memory of school or college days to supply the want of their hearts. There is a sophistry, too, that seduces them to believe that then, at least, they were loved for what they were, for qualities of their nature, not for accidents of station, or the proud rewards of success. There is also another and a very strange element in the pleasure such memories afford. Our early attachments serve as points of departure by which we measure the distance we have travelled in life. "Ay," say we, "we were school-fellows; I remember how he took the lead of me in this or that science, how far behind he left me in such a thing, and yet look at us now!" Upton had very often to fall back upon similar recollections; neither his school nor his college life had been remarkable for distinction, but it was always perceived that every attainment he achieved was such as would be available in after life. Nor did he ever burthen himself with the tools of scholarship, while there lay within his reach stores of knowledge that might serve to contest the higher and greater prizes that he had already set before his ambition.

But let us return to himself, as alone and sorrow-struck he sat in his room of the Hotel d'Italie. Various cares and duties consequent on Glencore's death had devolved entirely upon him; his son had suddenly disappeared from Florence on the morning after the funeral, and was seen no more, and Upton was the only one who could discharge any of the necessary duties of such a moment. The very nature of the task thus imposed upon him had its own depressing influence on his mind—the gloomy pomp of death—the terrible companionship between affliction and worldliness—the tear of the mourner—the heartbroken sigh, drowned in the sharp knock of the coffin-maker. He had gone through it all, and sat moodily pondering over the future, when Madame de Sabloukoff entered.

"She's much better this morning, and I think we can go over and dine with her to-day," said she, removing her shawl and taking a seat.

He gave a little easy smile that seemed assent, but did not speak.

"I perceive you have not opened your letters this morning," said she, turning towards the table, littered over with letters and dispatches of every size and shape. "This seems to be from the King—is that his mode of writing, 'G. R.' in the corner?"

"So it is," said Upton, faintly. "Will you be kind enough to read it for me?"

"Pavilion, Brighton.

"DEAR UPTON,—

"Let me be the first to congratulate you

on an appointment which it affords me the greatest pleasure to confirm—"

"What does he allude to?" cried she, stopping suddenly, while a slight tinge of color showed surprise, and a little displeasure, perhaps, mingled in her emotions.

"I have not the very remotest conception," said Upton, calmly. "Let us see what that large dispatch contains? it comes from the Duke of Agecombe. O," said he, with a great effort to appear as calm and unmoved as possible, "I see what it is, they have given me India!"

"India!" exclaimed she, in amazement.

"I mean, my dear Princess, they have given me the Governor Generalship."

"Which, of course, you would not accept."

"Why not, pray?"

"India! It is banishment, barbarism, isolation from all that really interests or embellishes existence—a despotism that is wanting in the only element which gives a despot dignity, that he founds or strengthens a dynasty."

"No, no, charming Princess," said he, smiling; "it is a very glorious sovereignty, with unlimited resources, and—a very handsome stipend."

"Which, therefore, you do not decline," said she, with a very peculiar smile.

"With your companionship I should call it a paradise," said he.

"And without such?"

"Such a sacrifice as one must never shrink from at the call of duty," said he, bowing profoundly.

The Princess dined that day with the Countess of Glencore, and Sir Horace Upton journeyed towards England.

CHAPTER LIV. AND LAST.

THE END.

YEARS have gone over, and once more—it is for the last time—we come back to the old castle in the West, beside the estuary of the Killeries. Neglect and ruin have made heavy inroads on it. The battlements of the great tower have fallen. Of the windows, the stormy winds of the Atlantic have left only the stone-mullions. The terrace is cumbered with loose stones and fallen masonry. Not a trace of the garden remains, save in the chance presence of some flowering plant or shrub, half choked by weeds, and wearing out a sad existence in uncared-for solitude. The entrance-gate is closely barred and fastened, but a low portal, in a side wing, lies open, entering by which we can view the dreary desolation within. The apartments once inhabited by Lord Glencore are all dismantled and empty. The wind and the rain sweep at will along the vaulted

corridors and through the deep-arched chambers. Of the damp, discolored walls and ceilings, large patches litter the floors, with fragments of stucco and carved architraves.

One small chamber, on the ground-floor, maintains a habitable aspect. Here a bed and a few articles of furniture, some kitchen utensils, and a little book-shelf, all neatly and orderly arranged, show that some one calls this a home. Sad and lonely enough is it! Not a sound to break the dreary stillness, save the deep roar of the heavy sea—not a living voice, save the wild shrill cry of the osprey, as he soars above the barren cliffs! It is winter, and what desolation can be deeper or gloomier? The sea-sent mists wrap the mountains and even the Lough itself in their vapory shroud. The cold thin rain falls unceasingly; a cheerless, damp, and heavy atmosphere dwells even within doors; and the gray, half light gives a shadowy indistinctness even to objects at hand, disposing the mind to sad and dreary imaginings.

In a deep straw chair, beside the turf fire, sits a very old man, with a large square volume upon his knee. Dwarfed by nature, and shrunk by years, there is something of almost goblin semblance in the bright lustre of his dark eyes, and the rapid motions of his lips as he reads to himself half aloud. The almost wild energy of his features has survived the wear and tear of time, and, old as he is, there is about him a dash of vigor that seems to defy age. Poor Billy Traynor is now upwards of eighty, but his faculties are clear, his memory unclouded, and, like Moses, his eye not dimmed. The *Three Chronicles of Loughdooner*, in which he is reading, is the history of the Glencores, and contains, among its family records, many curious predictions and prophecies. The heirs of that ancient house were, from time immemorial, the sport of fortune, enduring vicissitudes without end. No reverses seemed ever too heavy to rally from—no depth of evil fate too deep for them to extricate themselves. Involved in difficulties innumerable, engaged in plots, conspiracies, luckless undertakings, abortive enterprises, still they contrived to survive all around them, and come out with, indeed, ruined fortunes and beggared estate, but still with life, and with what is the next to life itself, an unconquerable energy of character.

It was in the encouragement of these gifts that Billy now sought for what cheered the last declining years of his solitary life. His lord, as he ever called him, had been for years and years away in a distant colony, living under another name. Dwelling amongst the rough settlers of a wild remote tract, a few brief lines at long intervals

were the only tidings that assured Billy he was yet living; yet were they enough to convince him, coupled with the hereditary traits of his house, that some one day or other he would come back again to resume his proud place and the noble name of his ancestors. More than once had it been the fate of the Glencores to see "the hearth cold, and the roof-tree blackened;" and Billy now muttered the lines of an old chronicle, where such a destiny was bewailed:

"Where are the voices, whispering low,
Of lovers side by side?
And where the haughty dames who swept
Thy terraces in pride?
Where is the wild and joyous mirth,
That drown'd th' Atlantic roar?
Making the rafters ring again,
With welcome to Glencore.

"And where's the step of belted knight,
That strode the massive floor?
And where's the laugh of lady bright,
We used to hear of yore?
The hound that bayed, the prancing steed,
Impatient at the door,
May bide the time for many a year—
They'll never see Glencore!"

"And he came back, after all—Lord Hugo,—and was taken prisoner at Ormond by Cromwell, and sentenced to death!" said Billy, "sentenced to death!—but never shot! Nobody knew why, or ever will know. After years and years of exile he came back, and was at the court of Charles, but never liked—they say dangerous! That's exactly the word—dangerous!"

He started up from his reverie, and taking his stick, issued from the room. The mist was beginning to rise, and he took his way towards the shore of the Lough, through the wet and tangled grass. It was a long and toilsome walk for one so old as he was, but he went manfully onward, and at last reached the little jetty where the boats from the main land were wont to put in. All was cheerless and leaden-hued over the wide waste of water; a surging swell swept heavily along, but not a sail was to be seen. Far across the Lough he could descrie the harbor of Leenane, where the boats were at anchor, and see the lazy smoke as it slowly rose in the thick atmosphere. Seated on a stone at the water's edge, Billy watched long and patiently, his eyes turning at times towards the bleak mountain-road, which for miles was visible. At last, with a weary sigh, he arose, and muttering, "He won't come to day," turned back again to his lonely home.

To this hour he lives, and waits the coming of Glencore.

From The Press.

Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, and the Court of Philip II. By Martha Walker Freer. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THESE volumes will repay perusal. They have done more than amuse us; they have pleasingly engaged our mind, and have suggested topics of reflection to which it is impossible that we can more than cursorily allude here. They relate to a period of history not yet thoroughly explored, though rich in materials of interest. Poetic genius has illuminated some of its dark caverns, and historic research has found some stepping-stones on which in the treacherous marsh the foot may firmly tread. But we think it possible that a rich harvest may yet be in reserve to reward the patient explorer who shall endeavor to tread the tortuous mazes in which the coldest and cruellest bigot of historic record—Philip II. of Spain—delighted to move.

Of his four wives, Elizabeth of Valois—daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medici—was the third. She reigned Queen of Spain for the space of eight years. Her biographer, Miss Freer, cries up the affectionate solicitude of her husband; yet it is probable that his bigotry and his unnatural cruelty to his son broke her heart. Among the causes which contributed to her early death, her treatment by her Spanish physicians must not, however, be overlooked. The character of Dr. Sangrado, in "Gil Blas," could not have been caricatured in the slightest degree. The Queen's physicians bled her for everything. They bled her for childbirth; they bled her on occasion of every illness till she fainted, and then bled her for fainting. The unfortunate Don Carlos was served, if possible, still worse. Reading the remedies administered to him during his illnesses, the wonder is that he lived to attain the age of twenty-three.

Miss Freer is an industrious historiographer. She goes to original sources of information, and she gives the reader all the details she can collect. She follows in the path which Miss Strickland struck out. She represents the manners of a period, so far as they can be collected from contemporary chroniclers' accounts of processions and dresses and state formalities of all kinds. This kind of description grows excessively tedious

when long continued, as it is in these pages: but it has some kind of value in contributing to the illustration of character. We can better understand, for example, the difficulties which the young Queen had to contend with at the commencement of her reign, and can more highly appreciate her firmness and good sense in her fifteenth year, when called on to decide the rival claims of her French and Spanish attendants, when we read the list of the attendants who accompanied her from France into Spain. The enumeration is curious:

"Suzanne de Bourbon, Countess de Harcourt and de Rieux, and Madame de Clermont-Lodève were appointed chief ladies of honor. Anne de Bourbon, Elizabeth's favorite friend, was nominated maid of honor with Mesdemoiselles de Riberac, de Curton, de Thorigny, de Noyan, de Montal, de St. Ana, and de St. Legier. Madame de Vineux, with Mesdemoiselles de Gironville, Parue, and de la Motte, were gratified with the post of bedchamber women. The Queen was attended by her principal tire-woman, Claude Nau. She had, also, three chaplains; a French confessor; and likewise her old preceptor the Abbé St. Etienne. One André de Vermont was nominated her chief maitre d'hôtel. Her physician in ordinary, Burgensis, accompanied her into Spain, with Dunoir her surgeon, and two apothecaries. Elizabeth had a numerous suite of gentlemen of the chamber; twelve valets-de-chambre; a dwarf Montaigne; twelve gentlemen-ushers; a treasurer of the household, one Emery Tissart; a treasurer of the privy purse; and a band of six musicians. There was also nominated a staff for the kitchen department under Maitre Vermont. She had, likewise, two French secretaries, besides an infinite number of subordinate personages, such as tire-women, wardrobe-keepers, and others. The Countess de Harcourt, or as she was generally called, Madame de Rieux, and her niece Mademoiselle de Montpensier, being princesses of the blood, had, moreover, their own train of attendants."

We can well understand the difficulties that must have attended the passage of this numerous retinue across the Pyrenees in the depth of winter, more especially as the trousseau of the young Queen alone was of unexampled magnitude and splendor. All details of this kind are related by Miss Freer with great minuteness, and often with dramatic effect. Her fault is on the side of excessive elaboration.

In the higher qualities of an historic writer she is totally deficient. She has no penetration—no original judgment. She relates the surface of events only. Because Philip has been described by contemporary authorities as a most affectionate husband, an exemplary father, a sage statesman, and a great ruler, she accepts the portraiture as correct, and faithfully copies it. The effect is almost ludicrous, knowing what we do of his unexampled falsehood and cruelty.

When the betrothal of Elizabeth to Don Carlos was first proposed, the Prince was scarcely fourteen, and the Princess nine months younger. How different might have been the lives of both, had fate permitted their union! While the negotiation was in progress, Philip's consort, Mary of England, died. She expired on the 15th of November, 1558, and in two months afterwards Philip's ambassadors at the Court of France received orders to substitute his own name for that of his son as the proposed husband of Elizabeth of Valois. The French Court gladly accepted the change, and on the 3rd of April, 1559, the Princess was formally affianced to the most powerful sovereign of Europe.

It is admitted by Miss Freer that the young Princess "regarded the alliance with unconquerable dread." Her home had been affectionate and happy. She had been brought up with the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; and at the commencement of this biography some pleasing details are given of their youthful studies. Elizabeth was of a gentle nature, and her face seems to have eminently reflected her serene and affectionate character. She was excessively lovely, and her amiability is established by numerous instances. Her prudence, considering the tender years at which she was called to be the consort of Philip, was wonderful.

Her betrothal was gloomily signalized by the death of her brother the King, who was killed at the tournament given in honor of the event. She put off her departure till the impatience of Philip would bear no longer delay. She finally quitted the French Court at the end of November, 1559, and first saw Philip two months later. Not the glowing reports which reached him of the charms of his young bride, nor his impatience to behold her, would induce the formal monarch to anticipate their meeting till

she knelt before him in ceremonious state in the halls of Mendoza on the 2nd of February, 1560.

We may remark here that Miss Freer falls into great confusion respecting dates. A letter of Philip, urging the more rapid progress of the Queen, is dated January 26, 1561 (r. 130), and it is said that at the time of her marriage Elizabeth had just entered her sixteenth year. If the date of her birth is correctly given (April 22, 1546), it is evident that on the 2nd of February, 1560, she could not have been quite fourteen.

On the following 15th of February Elizabeth made her public entry into Toledo, and met Don Carlos for the first time. He arose from a sick-bed to welcome the fair young Queen. He was seldom free from ague for any long time together, and probably that indisposition to martial exercises and that irritability of temper which have been dwelt on so malignantly by contemporary writers, arose from the severity of his bodily suffering. The meeting has been described by one of the French ambassadors:

"Don Carlos advanced towards the Queen, fixing his eyes earnestly on her countenance; he then bent the knee, and kissed her hand. Elizabeth received the Prince with gracious affability; and her words were so appropriate, that the Prince showed by his manner what great contentment they gave him. 'Her Majesty,' says the ambassador, 'received M. le Prince with such favor and demonstration of regard, that if the King and all present derived contentment therefrom, the said Prince was still more flattered; a sentiment which he plainly evidenced then, and also since, when he has visited her said Majesty, which, however, has not been frequent; for visits in this country are not so much the fashion as in France; besides, the said Prince has been so tormented with fever, that from day to day he seems to grow weaker.'"

The fancy of the young Prince had been fired by reports of the beauty of the Princess when she was spoken of as his destined bride, and at his first interview, beholding a face which must have surpassed his expectation, it is probable that he conceived the fatal passion which ended in the darkest tragedy of his father's gloomy reign.

In these volumes the report of his passion is treated lightly. Miss Freer hardly gives credence to it. Adopting all the calumnies

published to justify the conduct of Philip towards his son, she recounts incredible stories of his violence and brutality, and seems to conceive it impossible that Elizabeth could have regarded him with any other sentiment than compassion. The course of her own narrative might have taught her better. We continually meet with passages indicative of the affectionate regard—if we suppose no warmer feeling existed—which certainly united the young queen of Philip II. to his unfortunate son.

It was while the festivities in honor of Elizabeth's arrival still continued, that Don Carlos was with great pomp publicly recognized as heir to the crown. It would require minute and most critical examination of those contemporary chronicles from which black accounts of the character and conduct of Don Carlos have descended to us, to determine the degree of credit which should be attached to them. Of all kinds of injustice that which not unfrequently prevails in history through the deliberate falsification of contemporary record is the most cruel. The ruling power, of whatever nature it be, may not only imprison its victims, subject them to inhuman torture, and shorten their lives, but may blacken their character for all time. It is surprising that so acute a man as Mr. Froude should not see the danger of trusting too implicitly to State records. Who prepared those records?—who preserved them? Is it not certain that the power which at any time committed injustice would endeavor to screen it with an appearance of fairness? What would be the history of the worst transactions of our own time, if the perpetrators of those transactions had power to impose on the world their own version of them? Would Sir John Dean Paul, or Redpath, or Robson, appear forgers and felons? It is necessary to inspect with the greatest jealousy those versions of state occurrences which have been bequeathed to us by the ruling power of the time; and more especially is it necessary to exercise such caution when the occurrences are of a domestic character, as in the case of Henry VIII.'s prosecution of Anne Boleyn, and of Philip II.'s conduct to his son. Between the fate of the unfortunate Don Carlos and that of the son of Peter I. of Russia, there exist so many points of resemblance as to suggest a curious parallel. The irresponsible

power of the parent has in each case shrouded the fate of the son in impenetrable mystery. In the case of Don Carlos, however, the suspicion of foul play is the stronger, from the notorious treachery of Philip—treachery which would seem incredible, if the records of it did not exist under his own hand in relation to his murder of the Flemish deputies, Montigny and Bergin. The discovery of the Simancas records has exhibited Philip as a monster of perfidious bigotry. Yet Philip may possibly some day meet with a Froude to justify him.

The manner in which Miss Freer uniformly speaks of the "forbearing tenderness" of Philip, and of the malignant violence of Carlos, is positively amusing from its simplicity. It is more profitable to note, however, the evidences we meet with of the young Prince's real condition. When Elizabeth wrote to the Queen her mother, some months after her marriage, she said—"The Prince suffers from fever as usual." When Elizabeth was dangerously ill, the narrative says:

"Don Carlos, who, during these months, had never thoroughly recovered from his ague, sent frequently to inquire after the Queen's progress, and displayed the greatest grief when informed of her danger. When intelligence reached him that Elizabeth's physicians had good hope of her recovery, he dispatched his chamberlain, Don Diego de Pimental, to Mazarambros to deliver his commendations to the Queen, and to inform her that his ague was much subdued, so that, during the last attack, he had not even thought it necessary to go to bed, and that he hoped soon to pay his respects to her Majesty."

When the Prince fell dangerously ill from an accident, "his docility and obedience are described as most exemplary." In 1563, when negotiations were in progress for betrothing Carlos to the Archduchess Anne, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, the Emperor wrote:

"His Imperial Majesty elect, prays the King that he will clearly and plainly notify his intentions on this matter, without longer temporizing thereon; as to do so would inflict grave injury and disgrace on the said Emperor elect, and on his daughter." Philip, however, was more reluctant than ever to consent to his son's marriage, as the long hoped-for event of the pregnancy of his young Queen was on the eve of being officially announced. He, therefore, again declined

in a most peremptory manner to enter into positive matrimonial engagements with the Emperor, excusing himself on the extreme youth of the parties, and on the delicate condition of his son's health."

We have here a significant indication of the jealous feeling with which Philip regarded his son. When Elizabeth was again dangerously ill—

"Don Carlos displayed most passionate grief; he wept, fasted, and joined in all religious processions, which perambulated the streets of the capital. The Prince, moreover, prayed most earnestly to be admitted to the chamber of the dying Queen, to take a last farewell; but Philip peremptorily prohibited this interview."

The Abbé de Brantôme relates that on his visiting the Queen she "herself introduced him to Don Carlos, who came one afternoon from Alcalá to sit with her Majesty." When Elizabeth prepared for her journey to France to visit her mother, the deep despondency of the Prince is noted:

"The prince is sad and melancholy, and turns his mind to nothing;" writes a correspondent at this period, to the Cardinal Granvelle. . . . The condition of mental prostration displayed by the Prince at this season, is described to have been 'pitiable.' 'There is nothing to be done with the Prince,' says another writer. 'He cares for nothing, and believes every thing that is said to him; if he were told that he was dead, he would believe it!'"

When the Queen returned to Spain it is said that her presence did more to tranquilize him than all the homilies of King Philip's Ministers; and we read:

"The marked deference paid by Don Carlos to the wishes of his step-mother, doubtless, greatly augmented Philip's alienation from and dislike of the Prince. Still, Philip reposed perfect confidence in the rectitude of Elizabeth's principles, and in her affection for himself; nor does he seem to have placed any restraint on the intercourse between the Queen and his son, which was frequent and often confidential. The French ambassador constantly mentions, when recording his visits to the Queen, 'that *su Alteza* was sitting with her Majesty, engaged in earnest conversation.'"

The manner in which Elizabeth herself constantly speaks of the Prince shows the affection with which she regarded him. To Fourquevaux, the French Ambassador, she said:

"As to what you say, concerning M. le Prince, he cannot be more obedient and well disposed than he now is. Although it is true that he despises and ridicules the actions of the King his father, and finds fault with all that Madame la Princess and the little princess of Hungary can say and do, yet he approves of all my actions: nor has any person the influence with him that I have; and this without dissimulation or artifice on his part, for he knows not how to feign."

This ambassador also notes the great desire of the Prince for some employment:

"It is very evident that the Prince is weary of abiding here in idleness; and that he courts some great command or post."

It is remarkable that as the affection of Elizabeth for the Prince became more marked, the dislike of the King to him increased. When he had completed his twentieth year he was still subjected to the control of tutors, and refused a place at the Council Board. When the pregnancy of the Queen was announced—

"The Prince continued his amiable deportment towards the Queen, and vowed to share his future heritage with her offspring."

And some pages later we are told:

"The deportment of Don Carlos, during this interval, seems to have been exemplary; for although he was an inmate of El Bosque, his name is never mentioned disparagingly in the dispatches of de Fourquevaux, who had been sent by Catherine de Medici to Segovia, to retail to her the events and gossip of the Court."

When the Queen was confined—

"Don Carlos showed much pleasure when he learned Elizabeth's safety, and joined fervently in the thanksgiving service; he, however, added, 'that he was glad the Queen's offspring was not a son.'"

As soon as Elizabeth was well enough to receive visitors—

"The Prince seemed enthusiastic in praise of his tiny sister, so rejoiced was he to behold the Queen."

We may notice in passing a curious instance of Philip's amiable desire to advance his daughter's interests:

"For the advancement and prosperity of the infants, Philip undertook some of his most famous enterprises. He promoted the civil wars of the League in France against

Henri IV., chiefly with the view of placing the diadem of her mother's ancestors on the brow of Isabel!"

The revolt in the Netherlands helped to widen the breach between the father and son. The views of Carlos seem to have been more sagacious as well as more humane than those of Philip. In the following passage, again, we catch glimpses of the Prince's devotion to the young Queen:

"Don Carlos frequently conversed with Elizabeth on Flemish affairs; and the French ambassador relates that in many subsequent conversations with her Majesty on politics, and on the alliance with Austria, the Prince formed a third party in the debate. One day, at this period, Don Carlos accompanied Elizabeth during a rural excursion for air and exercise. Remarking that the Prince sat immersed in deep thought, the Queen asked him the subject of his meditation. 'Madame,' replied Don Carlos, 'my thoughts were roving two hundred miles far away, in a very distant country.'—'What country, Monseigneur?' asked the Queen. 'I was thinking of my cousin, Madame,' rejoined Don Carlos, with a sigh, and looking fixedly at the Queen as he spoke. Elizabeth never seems to have encouraged these matrimonial designs and allusions; she doubtless comprehended the depth of the aversion felt by the King towards his son, whose disregard of the decencies and amenities of life disgusted and incensed a monarch so careful of appearances. The Prince, however, always retired from the Queen's presence comforted and soothed; the tenderness of her womanly pity was grateful to him, whom all feared and betrayed. 'Often the Prince was heard vehemently to declare with marks of great emotion after quitting the apartments of Queen Elizabeth his step-mother, that the King his father had done a bad and a cruel thing to have robbed him of her,' writes De Thou. 'He deemed her gentle, lovely, and wise,' says Brantôme, 'and in truth she was one of the brightest and most peerless princesses in the world.'"

The Prince had some poetic talent. A few of his verses are given here. The lines he addressed to a favorite parrot of the Queen are harshly termed "dogrel":

"Si vous pouviez ô heureux Perroquet
Ma volonté et mon affection
Bien déclarer par votre bon cacquet.
Si vous pouviez dire ma passion
Etant au lieu de ma dévotion,
L'on prêteroit plus volontiers l'oreille
A vous disant ma douleur non pareille
Que si moi-même en disoit vérité.
Perroquet donc, je vous prie et conseille
Parlez pour moi, puisque este écouté!"

The sentiment of the lines may be loosely rendered thus:

"O happy parrot! Could thy prattling voice
Shape sounds whereby my mind might be
expressed—

Could it declare my passion and my choice,
And speak the ardent love that fills my
breast—

Then, as thou nestlest at my heart's dear
shrine,

Might my affliction, great beyond compare,
Find kindlier entrance to an ear divine

Than should my venturous lips the truth
declare,

O parrot, then, I pray thee speak my pain,
Since that thy voice is audience sure to gain."

The father's hatred of his son became at last too plain for concealment. The French ambassador wrote to Catherine:

"The father hates the son, and the son returns the like, and in not less degree. In short, if God interposes not, all must one day end in great calamity. In the same measure, nevertheless, that the hate of the said son augments towards his father, does his affection increase for the Queen his step-mother; for in her does the Prince find his only solace."

Those who surrounded the King were eager to second or even anticipate the worst suggestions of his hatred. Don Juan of Austria was employed to gain his confidence that he might betray it. The Prince was eager to pour his wrongs into a sympathizing bosom:

"'Know you not,' passionately responded Don Carlos, 'that I am the most miserable and unfortunate of princes? I am treated like a slave, and deprived of the smallest participation in State affairs. I have no authority, or office confided to me, to serve for employment, or to render me hereafter capable of governing this is my future realm!'"

A witty sally of the Prince precipitated his ruin:

"The Abbé de St. Réal thus recounts an incident, for the veracity of which he has Brantôme for a voucher: 'One day,' says St. Réal, 'after many personages—who had assembled in the apartments of the Queen, and who had there discoursed upon the alleged journey of the King into Flanders,—had taken leave of her Majesty, there remained behind only Don Carlos, Don Juan of Austria, and the Princess of Eboli. After ridiculing together the folly of courtiers in giving themselves the trouble to discuss the result of events which might never take place, Don Carlos began to deride the jour-

ney itself, and the pains which the King took to counterfeit illness in order to elude it. He said his father appeared to be of opinion that the Emperor Charles Quint had taken journeys enough for himself, and for his son; so that the King had determined to take both repose for himself, and for the Emperor also. The Queen did not hear this remark, she being engaged in discoursing privately with several individuals who had sought audience. Don Juan, and the Princess of Eboli, however, conversed together in a low voice. Don Carlos then began to make a little book with some sheets of paper, which he took from a case on the table, upon which he wrote in large letters on the first page, 'The Great and Admirable Journeys of the King, Don Philip II.' Upon each of the blank pages of the book, he proceeded to enter one of the following titles: 'The journey from Madrid to El Escorial: the journey from El Escorial to Toledo: the journey from Toledo to Madrid: from Madrid to Aranjuez: from Aranjuez to El Pardo: from El Pardo to El Escorial;' and in such fashion he filled the book with the journeys of the King to and from his palaces, and the principal towns of the realm. The Queen, when the book was shown to her by the Prince, could not help laughing at this conceit, dangerous as its indulgence appeared to her Majesty."

This paper was secreted by the Princess of Eboli and taken to Philip. The King never forgave the incident, and not long after the Prince paid for his indiscretion with his life. He was not unaware of the danger which menaced him, and seriously contemplated flight to the Netherlands. In December, 1567, it is said:

"Often he sought refuge from the anxiety, and perhaps from the misgivings which oppressed him, in the society of the young Queen, for, says de Fourquevaux, 'le Prince l'aime merveilleusement.' Elizabeth mingled her tears with those of the unhappy Prince; and exhorted him very earnestly to lay aside any dangerous design which might then occupy his mind."

On the 18th of January, 1568, the Prince was arrested as he slept:

"Don Carlos, after many violent struggles, succeeded in escaping from the grasp of his captor, and, throwing himself at his father's feet, with sobs of anguish, he demanded in what respect he had offended his Majesty? The King, with his 'accustomed forbearance,' replied, by desiring his son to be composed, and to return quietly to his bed. 'Kill me, Majesty, kill me, rather than make

me your prisoner, which will be a notable scandal!' exclaimed the unhappy Prince. 'If you will not kill me, I will take my own life!' 'No,' responded Philip, 'you will not: that, indeed, would be the act of a madman!' 'I am not mad; but your Majesty drives me to despair by your severity,' replied the Prince. 'In future, I treat you as a King your sovereign, and not as a father!' rejoined the stern monarch. The Prince then threw himself on his bed, and his words became so drowned in tears and sighs as to be no longer audible."

The Queen was deeply afflicted when she learned this event, the next day:

"The astonishment and affliction of Elizabeth were overpowering; and it is recorded that she wept almost without ceasing for two whole days, until commanded by the King to dry her tears."

The French ambassador wrote:

"The Queen, your daughter, Madame, is deeply affected at this event; she weeps bitterly for the love which she bears towards the father and the son."

At the command of Philip, Elizabeth wrote to Charles IX., to inform him of the arrest of Carlos. The letter is brief and formal, but the Queen could not conceal her grief:

"As for myself, I am able to tell you nothing, except that I cannot console myself under so great a misfortune, which I esteem my own, more than that of any other person, from the friendship which I bear the Prince, and the many obligations I feel to owe him. As I may not say more, I pray it may now please you, that I kiss your hands."

The Prince lived in imprisonment for just six months. We read that he was seized with sickness and vomitings in consequence of the quantity of fruit and iced-water that he partook of; but who supplied his table? He was placed under guard of his mortal enemy, the Prince of Eboli. When Miss Freer says that the testimony of all the foreign Ministers was that Carlos died a natural death, she overlooks circumstances she has herself stated, which show the worthlessness of such testimony. Thus, the French ambassador expressly states, that after the arrest of the Prince it was forbidden on peril of death to report any thing concerning him. All access to him was denied. The Queen's request to see him was sternly refused. The officers who guarded the Prince under Eboli were sworn to obedience and secrecy. From the day of his arrest to his death, it

does not appear that Philip ever visited him. When dying, the Prince requested an interview with his father. It was refused; but after his death, Philip came to look upon the corpse, and, we are told, extending his arms over the clay, forgave it its trespasses.

The Queen never recovered the shock of the Prince's arrest. We read that immediately afterwards she began to sicken. The Prince died on the 24th of July, 1568; the Queen survived only till the 3rd of October following. Miss Freer is right in saying that no evidence exists to warrant the supposition that she was unfairly treated. But the heart of this beautiful and amiable Princess must have withered as the tragedies perpetrated by the remorseless Philip thickened about her. She could hardly have been ignorant of the means taken to put an end to the life of Carlos. From the first hour of his incarceration, the catastrophe must have been apparent to every one. The grantees who supported the arrest must have known that they were not safe as long as the Prince remained alive.

Miss Freer's character of Philip is that of a respectable business-like king. She has not mind to grasp his real nature. He was of all characters the most detestable; a for-

mal bigot, without sympathies, sagacity, conscience, or heart. Schiller has invested him with a gloomy grandeur he does not deserve. Of all men that ever held sovereign power, he was, in our judgment, the worst. As is not uncommonly the case with men of narrow intellect, implacable will, and stony heart, he had a firm belief in his own infallibility. He could smile and murder while he smiled, from a conviction that he was acting a meritorious part. This seems to us the very height and perfection of atrocity: humanity is capable of attaining, when the extreme of wickedness is combined with the extreme of self-complacency. While one spark of remorse exists in the mind, while even it is shaken by a doubt, nature is not wholly depraved. It is only when all thoughts that can suggest error or plead for pity are hushed to rest, that man becomes an incarnate fiend; and this result is seldom attained, except when the grossest bigotry is grafted upon a nature grossly brutal.

The period of history embraced in these volumes is extremely important, and the more fascinating to the mind as we feel that the true history of Don Carlos, and his connection with his sweet and lovely step-mother, has yet to be disclosed.

If the wisdom of God has ordained means for the salvation of man, of which we cannot fully comprehend the reason, I know but one just consequence that can be deduced from it; that the counsels of God are too deep to be fathomed by the short line of human reason; and surely this can be no news, no surprise to a considering man, who sees every day the same truth confirmed in an hundred instances. That you live and have a being in this world, is out of doubt: but tell me how; show the spring of life, the principle of motion and activity within you: and when you do, I may venture to undertake to explain to you the means by which you shall be brought to life hereafter. But let us leave all these curious inquiries, and be content that God should be wiser than man; especially considering, that though he has concealed from us the secrets of his wisdom, yet he has fully exposed to our view his love to mankind: his mercy shines out in the fullest lustre in every page of the gospel, and there is no cloud to obscure it.

The advantages procured for us, and the discoveries made to us by the gospel of Christ, do so correspond to the sentiments of nature within us, that it is wonderful to find the pre-

tensions of nature set in opposition to the Christian revelation. The moral duties of the gospel are but the dictates of reason and nature carried into their just conclusions: the promises of the gospel contain the very hopes of nature confirmed and made sure to us. If the gospel has promised pardon to sinners, it is but what nature teaches all her children to seek for: and if nature teaches you to hope for mercy, is your case become the worse because God, through Christ, has promised it? Natural conscience tells us we are accountable to him who made us: is it not the same declaration made in the gospel, "That God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world?" Is not Nature ever looking out, and with unutterable groans panting after life for evermore? Has she any reason then to fly from him who hath "brought life and immortality to light through his gospel?"

Go then and learn of Nature to value these great gifts: attend to her silent voice within you: it will speak in the language of the Apostle, and tell you, "This saying is worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—*Bishop Sherlock.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DISCOVERIES IN CHALDÆA.*

THE recent discoveries in Chaldæa do not appear as yet to have met with the same popularity as the discoveries made, now some years ago, in Assyria. There are no colossal lions with men's heads, or winged bulls, or gigantic divinities, or bas-reliefs of any magnitude, to astound the beholder. The cities of Babylonia and Chaldæa stood upon alluvial soil; its population had not the easily-wrought alabaster of Nineveh or stone of any kind to work upon, and statues or sculptures are in consequence of great rarity. The history of the people is written on monuments of another character: in terraced structures, bearing temples, palaces, and various other buildings—some supposed to have been of an astronomical character—in vast necropolises, which fill the mind with wonder at their extent; and in cylinders, impressed bricks, designs on clay tablets, and other relics of the same trivial character, yet of high historical importance.

We are, indeed, more struck ourselves by the mass of historical discovery effected by the excavations of Chaldæa, than we have been by the uncouth art of the Assyrians. Here we have sixteen names of monarchs recovered, all belonging to a first Chaldæan empire, which preceded that of Nebuchadnezzar—a dynasty contemporaneous with the epoch of that first great teacher of the unity of the Godhead, Abraham; with the Exodus; the death of Moses and the first servitude; whose first monarch, Uruk, reigned about 2234 years before Christ; and yet not one of these names was known a very few years ago, and not one is familiar yet even to the learned of the land! Nor are we less struck with the enormous extent of Chaldæan ruins; the vast mounds of slipper-shaped glazed terra-cotta coffins, piled one above the other in hundreds of thousands; the grand façades of a rude and primitive columnar architecture; the arched vaults of the dead; the cone-work and pot-work; the terra-cotta Penates; the clay bank-notes; the pictorial tablets; the copper and other relics; the private and public records, and the various other indices of the habits and manners of a nation so long

gone by, that it seems doubtful if they were descendants of Ham or Shem—if they were of African or Asiatic origin—if, in fact, they were actually black or white!

The two gentlemen to whom the world is most largely indebted for excavations in Chaldæa, are Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor. The first gentleman's work is now before the public; the researches of the second are in the fifteenth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society." Mr. Layard also did a little at Niffar, and Sir Henry Rawlinson is the great decipherer of the inscriptions.

Passing over a mistake which Mr. Loftus makes at the onset in identifying the four canals of Xenophon with the existing four canals in Babylonia, that gentleman was enabled on his way to Chaldæa, through the instrumentality of Tahir Pasha, to visit the little known site of Kufa, as also Nedjef and Kerbella, the Mekka and Medinah of the Shiah or Persians. Of Kufa, celebrated for its Kufic cursive character, nothing, we are told, remains in the present day save a few low mounds and a fragment of wall; but Nedjef, which was founded on the site of the ancient Hira, the seat of the Al Mundar dynasty, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Jerusalem in its general appearance and position. It is situated on a cliff of red sandstone, overlooking the great inundation called the Bahr Nedjef, or the Sea of Nedjef.

"It is seldom (Mr. Loftus observes) that a Christian has the opportunity of entering a Mohammedan place of worship, much less such a sacred mosque as that of Meshed 'Ali. We were all naturally anxious to visit it, and experienced no very insuperable objection on the part of our Sunni companions to aid in the accomplishment of our wish. Tahir Bey, like most others of his sect and race, took a pleasure in causing the Sheah Persians to 'eat dirt' at the hands of the Ghyawr. As military governor of the district, he had accompanied us with a strong escort, for the double purpose of guarding, and doing honor to our party. The troops were now drawn up under the latter pretext, but in reality to conduct us to the mosque, and be prepared for any *émeute* which might arise in consequence of our temerity. The inhabitants, in accordance with their Oriental customs, rose and saluted, or returned the salutes, of Derwish Pasha and Tahir Bey as we passed through the bazaars; but they bestowed a very doubtful and scrutinizing

* *Travels and Researches in Chaldæa and Susiana.* By William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1867.

glance on the large party of Fireghis. A crowd gathered as we marched onward, and, on approaching the gate of the outer court, the threatening looks and whispered remarks of the groups around made it evident that we were regarded with no especial favor. The troops drew up outside the gate, and, as any hesitation on our part might have produced serious consequences, we boldly entered the forbidden threshold."

The most curious circumstance associated with the tomb of Ali at Nedjef, and those of Hassan and Hussian at Kerbella, is, that the practice which appears to have obtained in olden times among the Chaldeans and Babylonians, of transporting the dead to sites made sacred by the previous entombment there of some great or holy men, and which still obtains more or less throughout Islamism, is here to be seen in full operation :

"The profound veneration in which the memory of 'Ali is regarded by his followers, causes Nedjef to be the great place of pilgrimage for the Sheah Mohammedans, by whom the town is entirely supported. At a low average, 80,000 persons annually flock to pay their vows at the sacred shrine, and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from Persia and elsewhere to be buried in the ground consecrated by the blood of the martyred khalif. The dead are conveyed in boxes covered with coarse felt, and placed two on each side upon a mule, or one upon each side, with a ragged conductor on the top, who smokes his kaliyun and sings cheerily as he jogs along, quite unmindful of his charge. Every caravan travelling from Persia to Baghdad carries numbers of coffins; and it is no uncommon sight, at the end of a day's march, to see fifty or sixty piled upon each other on the ground. As may be imagined, they are not the most agreeable companions on a long journey, especially when the unruly mule carrying them gets between the traveller and the wind!

"The fee charged by the authorities of the mosque for burial varies from 10 to 200 tomans (£5 to £100), and sometimes much more. It is entirely at the discretion of the mullas, and they proportion it according to the wealth or rank of the deceased. On the arrival of a corpse, it is left outside the walls, while the relatives or persons in charge of it (frequently the muleteer of the caravan) endeavor to make a bargain for its final resting-place. Several days are frequently spent in vain over these preliminaries. At length one party or other gives way—generally the relatives—as the corpse, after many

days' and frequently months' carriage in a powerful sun, has disseminated disease and death among its followers, who are glad to rid themselves of its companionship. The place of sepulture for the lower classes, or for those whose friends are unwilling to pay for a vault within the sacred precincts of the mosque, is outside the walls on the north side of the city, where the graves are neatly constructed with bricks, and covered with gravel or cement to preserve them from injury. When the corpse is to be buried within the walls, it is conveyed into the town. The officers of interment then generally find some pretext for breaking the former compact, and the unfortunate relatives are under the necessity of striking a fresh and much harder bargain."

Wo to the traveller who gets on the lee side of one of these caravans of the dead, as once happened to the writer at Khazimin, near Baghdad. Most of the coffins are shattered during the transit of the Kurdistan mountains, and the scene is one of foulness and corruption impossible to describe. The dreadful plague that ravaged Baghdad in 1831, and which carried off from 1000 to 1200 persons daily during a whole spring, was attributed to one of these abominable caravans.

Our travellers were not so successful at Kerbella as they had been at Meshed Ali. All admission was debarred to them there by a crowd of ragamuffins of most forbidding appearance, armed with clubs, sticks, and daggers. Nedjef and Kerbella are, indeed, celebrated as the abode of reckless, brutal, quarrelsome fanatics, whose disorderly conduct has frequently necessitated the interference of the Ottoman government.

The way to Chaldæa from Babylonia lies through a country of moving sands—one of those littoral bands which separated successive lagoons, then lakes and now marshes, which follow one after another in the delta of the Euphrates. A canal, once a main branch of the river, and called after its great Egyptian namesake the Nil or Nile (pronounced Neel), traversed this country, starting from near the royal city of Babylon, to water the great cities of Chaldæa. On its banks are the remains also of a Mohammedan town, of some import before Hillah rose upon the ruins of Babel, and celebrated for its indigo factories, but now half buried in sand.

The first great ruin met with in Chaldæa

Proper is the mass of unbaked brickwork called the Zibliyya, which closely resembles the celebrated Babylonian ruins of Akka Kuf, near Baghdad. Beyond this is the great ruin of Niffar, still upon the northern boundaries of Chaldæa, and upon the verge of the great swamps tenanted by the Afaij and Rechab Arabs. These swamps are of vast extent, and their inhabitants are, as may be imagined, a very rough and uncultivated set, who dwell in reed huts, and go about in ancient boats of reeds or teak, smeared with bitumen. The Beni Rechab are supposed to be descendants of the "total abstinence" Rechabites, to whose history the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah is devoted.

The present aspect of Niffar is that of a lofty platform of earth and rubbish, divided into two nearly equal parts by a deep channel—that of the Chaldæan Nile. This great ruin is supposed by Sir Henry Rawlinson to be at once the site of the primeval city of Calneh, and the true site of the Tower of Babel.

"He considers that 'the names of the eight primeval cities, preserved in the tenth chapter of Genesis, are not intended to denote capitals then actually built and named, but rather to point out the localities where the first colonies were established by titles which became famous under the empire, and which were thus alone familiar to the Jews.' He regards the site of Niffar as the primitive Calneh—the capital of the whole region. It was dedicated to Belus, and was called the city of Belus. Hence he concludes that this was the true site of the Tower of Babel; and that from it originated the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, on the banks of the Euphrates, at Hillah. The existing remains were built by the earliest king of whom we have any cuneiform monuments, about 2300 B. C., but whose name cannot be read with certainty. It was then called Tel Anu, from the god Anu, or scriptural Noah, who was worshipped there under the form of the Fish God Oannes, of whom we have representations on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh; the name Niffar was subsequently given to it. The old titles were retained when the Talmud was composed, the writers of which say that Calneh was Niffar, and they call the place Nineveh; but the Nineveh of Assyria was certainly at Mosul—'Out of that land went forth Ashur and builded Nineveh.'"

The epoch of Uruk, the earliest king of

whom cuneiform record has been found, certainly approaches very closely upon the epoch of the general deluge, taking the calculations in Dr. Hales' tables from the remotest, viz., the Septuagint, B. C. 3246, down to the most modern, the Vulgar Jewish, B. C. 2104.

But disregarding this novel theory, founded upon such slender data as the discovery of old Uruk's name, and which name may yet be found also in some Babylonian mound, and the equally ingenious identification of the temple of the Seven Spheres at Borsipp with the "Tongue Tower" by Dr. Oppert, we are still inclined to identify, till better evidence is produced, the traditional mound of Babel, where possibly the oldest temple of the Babylonian chief deity was raised, and was, as at Borsipp, renovated by Nebuchadnezzar with the first attempt at terraced structures. Nor are we the more prepared to admit the identity of Niffar with Calneh, from the discovery of the cuneiform name of that primeval site at that place. Sir Henry Rawlinson said he had before found the same name at Kadwalla, near Baghdad, and it may still be found elsewhere. But Nipar is mentioned with Sipur, Borsipp, and Babel, as cities embellished by Sargon in the inscriptions, and it is not likely that, if the name of the place had been Calneh or Chalneh, that it would have been called Nipar by the Assyrian king. We must, on the contrary, presume that with Babel, Sipur (Sifairah), Borsipp (Birs Nimrud), Erech or Uruk (Warka), and Accad (Akka Kuf), Nipar has also preserved its old name (Niffar).

It is, however, on the great tract of sandy soil, interspersed with marsh formerly watered by the Chaldæan Nile, and now by the Yusufiyya Canal and its branches, which lie between the Affaij depression and that of the Shat-el-Hai, that the great mass of Chaldæan mounds are congregated.

"I know of nothing more exciting or impressive than the first sight of one of those great Chaldæan piles looming in solitary grandeur from the surrounding plains and marshes. A thousand thoughts and surmises concerning its past eventful history and origin—its gradual rise and rapid fall—naturally present themselves to the mind of the spectator. The hazy atmosphere of early morning is peculiarly favorable to considerations and impressions of this char-

acter, and the gray mist intervening between the gazer and the object of his reflections, imparts to it a dreamy existence. This fairy-like effect is further heightened by mirage, which strangely and fantastically magnifies its form, elevating it from the ground, and causing it to dance and quiver in the rarefied air. No wonder, therefore, that the beholder is lost in pleasing doubt as to the actual reality of the apparition before him."

Among these are Bismiyya, still unexplored, Phara, in the country of the Beni Rechab, abounding in small antiques, such as signet-cylinders, rude bronzes, and figures carved in stone, and whence Mr. Loftus obtained a very interesting Egyptian amulet. The ruins of Hammam—a series of low undulations around a grand central tower, whose base having fallen away, has given to it the appearance of a gigantic mushroom, and near which were found—a rare thing in Chaldæa—the fragments of a statue, the head of which is supposed to be in the possession of Captain Lynch, C.B.I.N.; and as the fragments of this body now lie in the vaults of the British Museum, it is a pity they were not, with the head, all put together. We should then have, at all events, one specimen of a Chaldæan divinity to set beside the many Assyrian.

Within sight of Hammam, about six miles distance, rises another lofty and imposing pile, called Tel Ede, or Yede. It is in the country of the Madan, or pastoral Arabs, under the Muntifj. This mound is a huge artificial mass of solid sand, 90 feet high and 2500 feet in circumference, but out of which nothing could be obtained.

Of all the ruins of Central Chaldæa, by far the most extensive and important are those of Erech, or Uruk, now called Warka. Of the three great edifices which rise conspicuously from the surface of the ruins, that called Buwariyya is not only the most central, but the most lofty and ancient. At first sight it appears to be a cone, but further examination proves it to be a tower, 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks. On excavating at its basement there was discovered, on the centre of each side, a massive buttress of peculiar construction, erected for the purpose of supporting the main edifice, which appears from the brick legends to have been a temple dedicated to "Sin," or "the Moon," by Uruk, the oldest known Chaldæan monarch.

But by far the most interesting structure at Warka is that called Wuswas. It is contained in a spacious walled quadrangle, which includes a space of more than seven and a half acres. The most important and conspicuous portion of this great inclosure is a structure on the southwest side, 246 feet long by 174 feet wide, and 80 feet above the plain. On three sides are terraces of different elevations, but the fourth, or southwest, presents a perpendicular façade, at one place 23 feet in height.

This façade, when laid partially bare by Mr. Loftus' labors, afforded a first glimpse of external Babylonian architecture, and exhibited peculiarities so remarkable and original as to attest at once its undoubted antiquity.

"Nothing can be more plain, more rude, or, in fact, more unsightly, than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is this very aspect—this very ugliness—which vouches for the originality of the style. It has long been a question whether the column was employed by the Babylonians as an architectural embellishment. The Wuswas façade settles this point beyond dispute. Upon the lower portion of the building are groups of seven half-columns repeated seven times—the rudest perhaps which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall. The entire absence of cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, so characteristic of other columnar architecture, and the peculiar and original disposition of each group in rows like palm logs, suggest the type from which they sprang. It is only to be compared with the style adopted by aboriginal inhabitants of other countries, and was evidently derived from the construction of wooden edifices. The same arrangement of uniform reeds or shafts, placed side by side, as at Wuswas, occurs in many Egyptian structures, and in the generality of Mexican buildings before the Spanish invasion. It is that which is likely to originate among a rude people before the introduction of the arts."

The interior of the same building exhibited courts, with chambers on either side, the arrangement of which resembled, in a remarkable manner, that of the Assyrian palaces, as respected want of uniformity in size and shape, and the position of the doorways at the sides rather than the centre of the rooms. The flank walls were thicker or slighter in proportion to the width of the chamber, which would be precisely what

would be necessary if, as Mr. Loftus believes, each chamber were covered with a brick arch. He conceives Mr. Fergusson's restorations, as seen at the Crystal Palace, founded upon the notion that the Assyrians had recourse to columns in preference to all other modes of building, to be completely erroneous.

Among other curious discoveries made at Warka was one of an edifice at once unique in its construction and remarkable for new styles of decorative art. Mr. Loftus had frequently noticed a number of small yellow terra-cotta cones, three inches and a half long, arranged in half circles on the surface of the mound, and he was much perplexed to imagine what they were. They proved to be part of a wall, thirty feet long, entirely composed of these cones imbedded in a cement of mud, mixed with chopped straw. They were fixed horizontally, with their circular bases facing outwards. Some had been dipped in red and black color, and were arranged in various ornamental patterns, such as diamonds, triangles, zigzags, and stripes, "which had a very pleasing effect."

It is well known that in ancient Egyptian tombs, similar but much larger cones are found, with hieroglyphs recording the names of the deceased (for they are of a sepulchral character) stamped upon their bases. Mr. Taylor also found them plentifully at the ruins which were upon what was once the "Western Euphrates;" much larger than those at Warka, with cuneiform inscriptions, and sometimes a rim round the edge filled with copper; but this is the only instance where they have been found *in situ*. There were also large cones of baked clay found at Warka, but they disposed separately, and were inscribed with the name of Bel, or Belus, and belonged to some divinity or superior being.

Warka turned out, indeed, to be a mine for extraordinary and unheard-of modes of decoration in architecture. Another mound was crowned with a curious building, which had some points of resemblance to the cone-brick structure. Connected with it was a wall, composed entirely of unbaked bricks, and a peculiar species of conical vase, the fragments of which lay strewed on the surface. These vases were arranged horizontally, mouths outwards. They varied in size from ten to fifteen inches in length, with

a general diameter at the mouth of four inches. The cup, or interior, was only six inches deep, and the conical end solid. "With their conical mouths outward," says Mr. Loftus, "they produced a very strange effect—more striking even than that of the painted cone edifice already described." "It is difficult," the same explorer goes on to say, "to conceive the purpose for which these vases were designed;" but if Mr. Taylor's views of the nature of the cones is correct, it is not too much to suppose that they were the counterpart of the said cones, and that one edifice was the mausoleum of kings and princes, the other that of queens and princesses; or they may have been temples dedicated to divinities propitiated by the different sexes.

It is a remarkable fact that, while the long succession of years during which excavations have been carried on in the mounds of Assyria, not a single instance has been recorded of undoubted Assyrian sepulture, Chaldæa is full of them; and every mound is an ancient burial-place from Niffar to Abu Shahrein! Every schoolboy knows that when Alexander was at Babylon, the Macedonian sailed into the marshes to visit the tombs of the kings of Assyria, and that all kinds of mishaps and evil omens befel him on the occasion of that excursion. It is not too much to believe that Chaldæa was in olden times the necropolis of Assyria, whither, probably, the dead were conveyed, chiefly by means of boats upon the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The whole region of Lower Chaldæa abounds, in fact, in sepulchral cities of immense extent; and by far the most important of these is Warka, where the enormous accumulation of human remains proves that it was a peculiarly sacred spot; and, unlike most of the other Chaldæan sepulchral cities, it was so esteemed for many centuries.

"It is difficult (Mr. Loftus remarks) to convey any thing like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are every where filled with the bones and sepulchres of the dead. There is probably no other site in the world which can compare with Warka in this respect; even

the tombs of ancient Thebes do not contain such an aggregate amount of mortality. From its foundation by Uruk until finally abandoned by the Parthians—a period of probably 2400 years—Warka appears to have been a sacred burial-place! In the same manner as the Persians at the present day convey their dead from the most remote corners of the Shah's dominions, and even from India itself, to the holy shrines of Kerbella and Meshed 'Ali, so, doubtless, it was the custom of the ancient people of Babylonia to transport the bones of their deceased relatives and friends to the necropolis of Warka and other sites in the dread solitude of the Chaldean marshes. The two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, would, like the Nile in Egypt, afford an admirable means of conveying them from a distance, even from the upper plains of Assyria."

Nor is the mode of interment much less curious than the extent of the sepulchres. The invention of the potter seems to have been racked in designing new forms of coffins and sarcophagi. There were the large top-shaped vase, known as the Babylonian urn; there was the oval dish-cover, beneath which the body lay trussed, like a fowl, with cylinders, inscribed tablets, personal ornaments, jars, and other vessels around; and there were various other forms, but they all sink into insignificance when compared with the glazed earthen slipper-shaped coffins, which appear finally to have superseded all other descriptions. The piles on piles of these coffins are proofs of the successive generations by whom this mode of burial was practised; and, thanks to Mr. Loftus' ingenuity and perseverance, we have now a specimen of this characteristic mode of Chaldean burial in the British Museum.

An infinite variety of relics are associated with these coffins, either in the inside, or around them in the earth or vault. Among these are ornaments in gold. The Arabs break hundreds every year for the purpose of rifling them. Among these interesting objects were small terra cotta figures, which were probably household divinities; tablets of unbaked clay, which had been used as a circulating medium, some issued by the king and government, others by private parties; in fact, bank-notes and notes of hand in clay, and tablets with bas-reliefs, illustrative of the public and domestic life and manners of the Chaldæans.

Tablets of the latter description were more

particularly abundant at another great ruin, called Sin Kara, where were the remains of a temple of the Sun, rebuilt, according to the inscriptions, by Nebuchadnezzar, after that monarch had dug in vain amid the ruins of the older temple to recover the ancient idol. Another ruin, called Tel Sifr, where the names of two Chaldean kings, Khammurabi and Shamsu-Iluna, were first met with, was remarkable for the numerous copper articles (whence its name) found there by the Arabs, as also by Mr. Loftus. These included large chaldrons, vases, small dishes, dice-boxes (?), hammers, chisels, adzes, and hatchets; a large assortment of knives and daggers of various sizes and shapes, rings, fetters, links of a chain, and other objects, all well and skilfully wrought. The conclusion arrived at was, that they were the stock-in-trade of a coppersmith; but the explanation of their connection with a temple or public edifice near which they were discovered, is by no means clear; and it appears more probable that some deity was worshipped at that spot who was supposed to be propitiated by offerings of copper and copper utensils and instruments, as other divinities may have been propitiated by offerings of emblematic cones and vases.

It is to be remarked, that, while Warka has been long ago identified with Erech and the great mound of Mukaiyir, or Mugeyer, "the place of bitumen," excavated by Mr. Taylor, with the Urchoe, or Orchoe of the Greeks and Romans, Sir Henry Rawlinson identified Warka with the Ur of the Chaldæa till he detected the word Hur on an inscription from Mukaiyir. Mr. Loftus, however, with Mr. Fraser, considers Orchoe to have been more probably a modification of Erech than of Ur. If so, we have no grounds but the newly-discovered inscription of "Hur" for belief in an Ur in Lower Chaldæa at all. For such belief was mainly founded upon the reading of Urchoe and Orchoe.

But granting even that there was an Ur in Lower Chaldæa, all the links of existing traditions are in favor of the Ur of Abraham being in the north. We have, at the Urhoi, of the Syrians, Urfah in the present day, the mosque sacred to the patriarch, and the supposed descendants of the fish beloved by Ibrahim-al-Khalil, or a remnant of the worship recorded by Xenophon, to have been paid to fish and to the fish god in Syria. We

have Abraham's house at Harran, where he tarried on his first migration. We have Serug—a tradition of another patriarch of the same family in the neighborhood; we have the spot where he crossed the river on his way to Chanaan, and a tradition of his sojourn at Aram Zohab, or Aleppo, as he travelled onwards to the south. But had the patriarch started, in obedience to his call, from Mukaiyir, there would have been no river to cross, nor would his journey to Chanaan have laid to the south, as it is so expressly stated in the Holy Writ.

This is only one out of a hundred difficulties—as more especially the supplanting of an aboriginal Semitic race by one of Hamitic descent; the supposition, because there is a Sythic character in certain cuneiform inscriptions, that these were of African origin; that the Western Ethiopians of Africa had

any thing at all to do, except in name, with the Eastern Ethiopians of Asia; that the Akkudim were negroes; Erech, Accad, and Calneh, regions, not cities, and Nimrod a people or an expression, and not an individual—which force themselves upon the mind on perusing these suggestive records. They involve many of the most interesting questions that are connected with the history of the human race. It is not, indeed, too much to say, that nothing like the facts that are to be gleaned from the united researches of Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor, illustrated by the readings of Sir Henry Rawlinson, has appeared since the first exhumation of Assyrian relics by Botta and Layard; and if not equal in interest, in an artistic point of view, to the Assyrian sculptures, they certainly exceed them in their early historical importance.

Sea Spray. A Long Island Village. By Martha Wickham. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857.

We have no American novel in which the local coloring is more distinct and more characteristic than in this. It is not merely a Long Island story, but a story of the east end of Long Island; the people speak a peculiar dialect of American-English; they combine the habits of a sea-faring and agricultural life; here are wreckers living among the farmers; fishermen have their dwellings on the inlets, and the sports and amusements of the population are as amphibious as their occupations. A remnant of the old Montauk tribe of aborigines, who have survived for more than two centuries the immediate neighborhood of the white man, dwell among the descendants of the Pilgrims, who yet preserve much of their primitive Puritan character. Out of these materials the author has constructed a very interesting story.

The basis of the narrative is the remorse of a mind naturally amiable and gentle, for a violation of the laws of society, which affects with guilt the course of a whole life, and the knowledge of which is confined, until the catastrophe of the story is reached, to the breast of the transgressor. The discontent of the erring woman with herself, and with all the world, her struggle between her penitence and her love, and the final and sorrowful expiation of her fault, are set before us with more than common strength and skill. The incident of the wreck, with which the story commences, is well described, and not less so is the episode of the youths carried off by the tide and out to sea in a boat without oars, into which they had incautiously ventured. The characters are drawn

with considerable skill; the comic ones quite successfully. Dury, the Indian cook and housemaid, with her local dialect dashed with aboriginal peculiarities, and with her strong traits of Indian character little modified, is fairly entitled to the honor of being an original, and we only wish the author had made more of her. Dick and Judy, the good-natured drunken couple, are drawn from nature. Tom Belden, the most unsophisticated specimen of a genuine Long Islander in the book, is a characteristic portrait. Mrs. Thorn, who inflicts long visits on the hospitality of her friends, and repays them with admonitions on their faults and short-comings, is a caricature, but an amusing one. There are some faults of style in the writing; the dialogue of the more important personages of the narrative is sometimes a little stiff, and there is now and then something a little too stilted in the narrative; but generally the book is most agreeably written, and we take pleasure in classing it among the cleverest novels of the day.—*New York Evening Post.*

ATTRACTION OF CLOUDS.—“Colonel Mackenzie, who watched the approach of a monsoon on the summit of the Bednore hills, distinctly observed the clouds, in rolling along, frequently to diverge from their direct course, apparently attracted by some hills more powerfully than by others of equal or superior height; and every successive cloud diverging in the same line. This phenomenon appears to merit farther investigation, and may be found to explain why places similar in situation have unequal proportions of rain.”—*Wilkes' Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

From The Athenæum.

Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa from 1792 to 1832—Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Raguse, &c. Vol. IV. Paris, Perrotin.

THIS volume contains only one chapter—the fifteenth book of the Memoirs—two-thirds of the space being filled with correspondence between the Imperial cabinet and the chiefs of the army. The events referred to are exclusively those of Portugal in 1811 and 1812, from the battle of Fuente-Oñores to the battle of Salamanca. Marmont, throughout, is on his defence; he undertakes to justify his own strategic arrangements against the jealous criticisms of his rivals, and the impetuous reproaches of the Emperor. During that brief campaign, he lost much reputation, and he retorts by endeavoring to lower the reputation of Napoleon, of Joseph, of Soult,—accusing Napoleon of aberration, Joseph of incapacity, Soult of manifold blunders. His recriminations are often just, no doubt, but the faultless Marshal may occasionally venture too far. It is possible that he was sometimes out-generalled, sometimes defeated by the superior qualities of his antagonist; though, certainly, it would be difficult to exaggerate the insolence of Napoleon, the egotism of Joseph, or the self-seeking arrogance of Soult. The Emperor had reached his climax; his intellect wandered in dreams of unattainable power; his Peninsular schemes were not less infatuated than his designs upon Russia; success could not satisfy or devotion conciliate his avaricious and overbearing mind. Marmont, judging him at a distance, writes without reserve, and replies to an accusation of error by an accusation of insanity.

The whole of this Portuguese narrative, with the commentaries attached, bears the impress of an opinative mind, at the same time that it displays great acuteness and a just appreciation of events. Of course, Marmont, retrospectively examining the policy and the strategy of Napoleon, finds it easy to condemn and to point out neglected alternatives which would have been justified by the result; but the criticism of 1811 might not have been identical with that of 1830. We can see now many difficulties which might have escaped our notice had we sat in Napoleon's cabinet. However, Marmont is undoubtedly right when he con-

demns the Peninsular Expedition, as an act of temerity, not as an immoral act of power. Napoleon, confounding the government with the people, thought he could put Spain under his feet. "With thirty thousand men," he said to Almenara, "I could conquer Spain, if I chose."—"You deceive yourself," Almenara replied; "if you wish to overthrow the Spanish government, your thirty thousand men are superfluous, for a letter and a courier will do it; if it is the nation you mean to subdue, three hundred thousand soldiers will not suffice." The battles of Ratisbon and Wagram had taken place in the same campaign as the evacuation of Portugal, the defeat of Talavera, and the conquest of Andalusia, as far as the gates of Cadiz. The incapacity of Joseph for the conduct of military affairs had been proved, says Marmont; the Emperor himself proposed to enter Lisbon, strike a decisive blow, and expel the English from the Peninsula. But his marriage with an Archduchess diverted him from these practical plans: "that was the abyss which at length swallowed up the fortunes of Napoleon." He became irrationally proud; he would not personally lead the campaign; he promoted Massena to the command, and remained at home, and the British army recruited itself, morally and physically, within the lines of Torres Vedras. According to Marmont, this army was admirably supplied, regularly paid, and in all respects comfortable; the French, wretched and worn-out, received not a sou.

"I value the English army at its worth, especially the infantry; it is, of all the infantry in Europe, that which delivers the most murderous fire. * * I am convinced that if the English had had to do that which the French did for four years, before the end of the second month, and without a battle, their army would have ceased to exist."

Had Marmont lived to see them on the Sebastopol plateau, he would not have prophesied, with this "bright-eyed ease," about "ceasing to exist."

King Joseph, according to Marmont, was morally poisoned by the royalty conferred upon him. Absorbed in pleasure, intoxicated with pride, he even imagined himself superior to his brother.

"He fancied that he was a great commander—he who possessed neither inclination nor knowledge to qualify him for the

field, who was ignorant even of the rudimentary principles of the art of war! He often talked to me about his military talents, and dared to say that the Emperor had deprived him of the chief command in Spain because he was jealous of him. These are the very words that frequently came from his mouth, nor did my light and bantering reply suffice to suggest to him the absurdity of his idea. He complained much of his brother. * * 'Were I rid of the French army, and of my brother,' he said, 'I should govern in peace, as King of Spain, recognized by the whole of this enormous monarchy.'"

Here was insanity, indeed. Joseph, who could not sleep at night unless protected by an army, to think the presence of the French an irritation, the ambition of his brother a danger! But he resembled the rest of his family. They all mimicked the pride of the man who rendered them illustrious, and to this day they affect to believe themselves essential to the felicity of states and nations. Even in 1811, however, Napoleon himself began to detect the dangers of his policy, and dropped some ominous words to Järdet. He blamed the earliest dispositions of Marmont. "He never would understand me," writes the Marshal.

The battle of Salamanca all but ruined him in the estimation of the Emperor. The defeat was signal, and Marmont was not so ingenious as Soult, who talked of Albuera as his victory. There was a fatal error somewhere; the French army was driven along the road of Penaranda, and Marmont, desperately wounded, gave himself up to regret and recrimination. The surgeons at first desired to amputate his arm; he resisted, sent for the chief of the surgical staff, and asked him whether the operation were necessary.

"He answered 'I hope not.' I thought he was trifling with me; but he continued, 'I cannot say whether it will be necessary, but I repeat, I hope not.'"

Next day, the question was repeated by the impatient soldier.

"He replied—these are his very words—'If I cut your arm off you will not die, and, in six weeks, you will be in the saddle again; but you will have only one arm for the rest of your life: if I do not cut it off you will endure a long period of suffering and many chances of death; but you are courageous, strong, and possessed of a healthy constitution; and I think you may run the risk, for

the sake of not being maimed for the rest of your days.'"

On the 10th of December, 1812, having been unfortunate in his command, he started for Paris.

"I saw the Emperor the day after his arrival. He received me very well. My wounds had re-opened, my arm was helpless and supported in a sling. He asked me how I was, and when I replied that I suffered greatly, he replied, 'Your arm must be cut off.' I answered that I had already paid dearly enough to preserve it, and his singular observation was carried no further. He scarcely spoke to me concerning the events in Spain. It was of himself and of his Russian enterprises that he talked chiefly. He appeared to have been not in the slightest degree affected by the disasters that had so recently occurred before his eyes. * * He sought to deceive himself as to the state of affairs."

The voluminous correspondence affixed to the fifteenth book of the *Memoirs* abounds in illustrations of the Emperor's character. It contains, also, minute details of the campaign; but nowhere a more entertaining fragment than Marshal Soult's dispatch announcing the battle of Albuera.

"I gave battle to the enemy at Albuera. This affair will be of great advantage to us; we could even have considered it a signal victory had we attained our general object, the relief of Badajoz; but that I could not secure. The enemy lost, by their own avowal, 7,000 men, of whom 4,000 were English; we took a thousand prisoners, six flags, and five guns."

This, as the Duke of Ragusa remarks, is only comparable with the attempt of the Duke of Dalmatia to prove that he gained a decisive victory at Toulouse, where he stood on the defensive, and was driven from a position "which seemed, and which ought to have been, impregnable."

The criticisms of the Emperor were often unfavorable to Marmont's strategy. His commentaries on these criticisms are ingenious and sarcastic. He imputes to Napoleon an indulgence in errors and aberrations, and says he was precipitated from a confusion of facts into a confusion of ideas. The Peninsular campaign, as planned in Paris, was a vision, the effect of a monomania. These are strong retorts, but Napoleon had provoked them. He had rebuked Marmont "for busying himself too much with that

which did not concern him, and too little with that which did concern him. He had charged him with compromising the glory of France by an act of insubordination, succeeded by an act of folly. The question between the polite letter-writer in Paris and the Marshal in Spain is too involved to be

considered within our limits. No doubt Marmont has many a word of blame and satire in reserve for the great captain, who disparaged his generalship, but who left thousands of Frenchmen to die and rot amid the snows of Russia.

Essays, Biographical and Critical: or Studies of Character By Henry T. Tuckerman. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 8vo., pp. 475.

ALTHOUGH, from the author's high literary reputation, and the encomiums of the press which this volume has elicited, we were prepared for a work of intrinsic interest and value, we must confess that it has far outstripped our expectations. These Essays display such careful analysis of character, clear deductions, vigor of thought, purity of style, and originality of treatment, that the volume places itself at once on the shelves of our permanent American literature, and becomes a necessary addition to every library, private or public, which aims at completeness. The subjects embraced are selected as representative types from the school of Art, Science, Religion, Philosophy, Literature, and Commerce; yet, varied as is the theme, and opening as wide a field for thought as the pen could well manage in a single volume, it is difficult to decide which subject has been the most ably treated, where all have been handled with such ease, ability, and discrimination. It is very singular that, with occasional decadence of material, as the essayist passes from a grand to a lesser moral or intellectual light, the vigor of the pen should not relax, or some evidence of mental exhaustion be perceptible. Such is not the case; the theme and its deductions keep pace; the same high purpose directs, and an equally enthusiastic power impels the pen, whether recording the "moral serenity" of Washington, the "superficiality" of Lord Chesterfield, the "executive talent" of De Witt Clinton, or the "unconscious" charms of Jenny Lind. These essays do not run into one another; there is no attempt at biographical conventionality; each paper is distinct with individual thought and sentiment. The public events of the lives recorded do not constitute the matter most dwelt upon; these are briefly put together as frameworks upon which the edifice, be it the lofty citadel, the humble cot, the impregnable tower, or the elegant villa, of the character, is erected; they stand upon their own soil, are composed of native material, and have received no foreign aid or artificial embellishment. Simplicity and power are indeed the great elements of the work before us; the former reminds us of the style of Macaulay, which ignores all superfluities, while the latter is

manifest in the clear *morale* deduced from the characters so succinctly described. Mr. Tuckerman has taken his subjects from the biography of the old and new world. They comprise:

"Washington, the Patriot; Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World; Daniel Boone, the Pioneer; Robert Southey, the Man of Letters; Sir Kenelm Digby, the Modern Knight; Jacques Lafitte, the Financier; Edmund Kean, the Actor; Theodore Korner, the Youthful Hero; Robert Fulton, the Mechanician; John Constable, the Landscape Painter; Chateaubriand, the Poet of the Old Regime; Francis Jeffrey, the Reviewer; Roger Williams, the Tolerant Colonist; Richard Savage, the Literary Adventurer; De Witt Clinton, the National Economist; Jenny Lind, the Vocalist; George Berkeley, the Christian Philosopher; Giacomo Leopardi, the Sceptical Genius; Daniel De Foe, the Writer for the People; John James Audubon, the Ornithologist; Laurence Sterne, the Sentimentalist; Massimo D'Azeglio, the Literary Statesman; Sydney Smith, the Genial Churchman; Charles Brockden Brown, the Supernaturalist; Sir David Wilkie, the Painter of Character; Joseph Addison, the Lay Preacher; Gouverneur Morris, the American Statesman; Silvio Pellico, the Italian Martyr; Thomas Campbell, the Popular Poet; Benjamin Franklin, the American Philosopher."

These thirty names, it will be perceived, present an immense and varied field for critical disquisition; and, although it has been often reaped by the historian and biographer, no sickle has more finely shed the grain, freed from the incumbrance of dull detail, or ponderous, oft-digested truths, than this. Perspicuity of thought, set down with simplicity of diction, and great directness of aim, characterize the volume throughout. Mr. Tuckerman's productions have ever been distinguished for intellectual purity and elegance, but we consider none to have equaled the present volume in thorough excellence. The edition has been stereotyped, and is meeting, we are pleased to hear, with very rapid sale.—*N. Y. Courier.*

In the Netherlands there is a custom, when a man dies insolvent, that the widow lays the keys upon the coffin, to signify that she is not able to pay his debts. This they call *de sleutel op de kist leggin*.—*Hexham's Dictionary.*

From The Dublin University Magazine.
ELIZABETHAN DAYS.

BY T. IRWIN.

1.

'Tis pleasant, stretched on grassy lawn,
Or ocean summit grand and gray,
To watch the change of sun and sky,
The shadowy shapes that voyage by—
Rich golden fleets along the dawn,
Proud pageants in the western day.

2.

Lone clouds that move at set of sun
Like pilgrims to some sacred star;
Long moonlit hosts that seem to bear
White banners through the waste of air;
Like steeled crusaders marching on
Through deserts to some field of war.

3.

But sweeter still to ponder o'er
The wonders of the visioned vast;
In History's argosy to sail
The seas of time, in fancy's gale,
Along some bay or fruitful shore,
Or noble headland of the Past.

4.

In tranced muse to charm the hour
From dawn 'till summer dark, and gaze
On pictures wrought in gold and gloom,
The fleets of Tyre, the wars of Rome,
The pomp of old Venetian power,
The brightness of Britannic days :—

5.

Bright days, like golden bells that rang
A pean o'er each sun's decline;
When Shakespeare shaped his world of
dreams,
When Bacon moulded mighty themes
To rule the future; Spenser sang,
And gallant Raleigh sailed the brine !

6.

O gallant figures, souls sublime,
Who in the camp or council stood
The paragons of Life, and wrought
In noble spheres of force and thought,
Adventurous on the western flood
As on the spacious seas of Time.

7.

Come, let us choose from soldier, sage,
And poet spirits bright and ripe
Who moved along the ample ways
Of rich Elizabethan days,
The tall Sir Walter; he, the type
And blossom of th'Adventurous Age.

8.

But not while fortune's splendor pours
Around him, shall we hover nigh;
But while within his prison gloom
He hears the muttering tongue of doom;—

When life drifts on to sullen shores
Black with the wrath of destiny :—

9.

He thinks upon each vanished day
Before adventure stormed the west;
Of nights beside his student hearth,
When whitely spaced the snowy earth;
Ambitioned hours of courtly play,
And sunny morns of rural rest.

10.

He sees the gray ancestral hall
In thickest girth of woods withdrawn;
The leafy shadows round the door,
The seats of stone that stretch before—
The dim old mirrors on the wall,
The moon-lit deer upon the lawn.

11.

Sweet days that make his pulses beat,
Rise in the calm. Once more he gives
A blue ring to a lady fair,
His best beloved, his only dear,
As under sycamore boughs they meet
In moonlight by the thymy hives.

12.

Old scenes of voyage and of strife
Shape in the shadows of the room;
And while the mournful winds enfold
His midnight turret, dark and old,
The gloried pictures of his life
In drifting pageants fire the gloom :—

13.

Where bugled troops of gallant men
A hunting went with dawning's light,
Or prancing back through sunset trees
Beheld the ladies' balconies
Alive with smiles; and feasting then,
With masks and dances closed the night.

14.

'Tis now an eve of moonlit March,
When, issuing through the portal broad,
Girt by a train of captains, he
Rides from his mansion toward the sea,
Between old rows of oak and larch,
Along the well-remembered road.

15.

Beneath, his oaréd galley lies,
Prow-stranded on its chalky bed :
From the dark deep along the shores,
The billows burst in stormy roars,
And far away, against the skies
His tall ship's beacon glimmers red.

16.

And fast away through foam and breeze
His galleon cleaves the ocean's breast,
Toward regions of a mightier mould,
Thick-fruited woods and lands of gold;
Passing through tempests on the seas
To combats in the crimson west.

17.

The vision melts along the gloom,
And forms another; swift beside
The summer-shining river's flow
His comrades of the tourney go;
While brassy harness, spur and plume
Fall mirrored on the glittering tide.

18.

Now groups of maids and gallants gay
Come trooping down each avenue:
Minglings of armor, scarf and blade
Flash through the moving cavalcade;
The glossy chestnut coursers neigh,
The silver clarions storm the blue.

19.

And now the lists are opened—lo!
The knights with bended crests advance:
Rich plumes and swords of diamond hilt
Gleam through the dust-clouds as they
tilt;—
The gallop quickens—mark the blow—
The falling form—the splintered lance.

20.

But hush! the Queen draws near the while;
The jewels spark each yellow tress;
As 'mid the bowing courtiers there
She moves with cold gray eye of care,
And slender lips with settled smile
Of vanity and stateliness.

21.

Or girt by trains of page and maid
All homage-hushed, erect she stands;
Chats with the knights, laughs loud and
long,
Or through th' ambassadorial throng
Airs with a peacock-like parade,
Her language store of foreign lands.

22.

Now, seated on a royal bed,
Beneath her aureate tasseled tent,
With Cecil or proud Essex, she
Holds large discourse of policy;
Or, with her rich fan sidelong spread,
Takes in some dizzying compliment:—

23.

But now the knights have sprung to horse,
The tourney and the feast are o'er,
And brightly sword and stirrup gleams
As townward by the moonlit Thames,
In misty gallop, glade and gorse
Sweep past them, holding by the shore.

24.

And fast away through gloom and gleam,
By proud domain, and peasant's door,
'Till by the stretch of forest brown,
They spy the towers of London town;
The snowy sails upon the stream,
The fitting lights along the shore.

25.

And now beneath a gateway bends
His plume, and from the drowsy throng
A varlet leaps, and takes the rein.
Aground he springs, and off again
Along the silent city wends,
Trolling a jocund Spanish song.

26.

But whither wanders he? The night
Is waning, and the streets are thin.
Mark where yon tavern's portal wide
With welcome glows above the tide,
Where flames the flambeaux's smoky light,
And streams a sound of jovial din.

27.

O, when did such a cluster meet
To charm the hour with richest moods?
There Ben and Beaumont flash their wits,
There fancy-fronted Shakspeare sits,
With auburn curls and eyes as sweet
As moonlight on the hazel woods.

28.

In language gravely pruned to please,
And brow in meditation bent,
Sir Francis, with a mien as bland
As fruitful summer, airs a hand
Enjewelled, while he turns with ease
The wards of some great argument.

29.

Now round the bounteous claret bowl,
A ruby sea in silver shrined,
They cluster; brightly burns the hearth,
And o'er the space of quiet earth
The ringing chimes of midnight roll,
And passing, perish on the wind.

30.

Bright thoughts unsphere, rich fancies shoot
From brain to lip, from lip to brain:
Experience scatters wisdom's wealth,
Wit winks, and humors slide by stealth,
As through some orchard dropping fruit
Falls sweet the autumn sunset's rain.—

31.

Fade, pictured memories, fade! The light
Is sinking, and the room is dim:
He hears the gray and testy rain
Fretting against the window-pane,
And rising, looks across the night
Upon a world that fades for him.

32.

For through the stillness long and loud
Gray Paul's has tolled the hour, and toward
The east, a glimmer red as blood
Severs the darkness from the flood,
And slanting o'er an ebon cloud
Falls night's last moonbeam like a sword!